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MacTernan Prize Essays--I.

IRISH PROSE,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

Society for the Preservation of the
Irish Language.

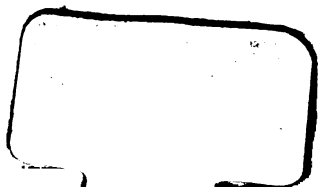
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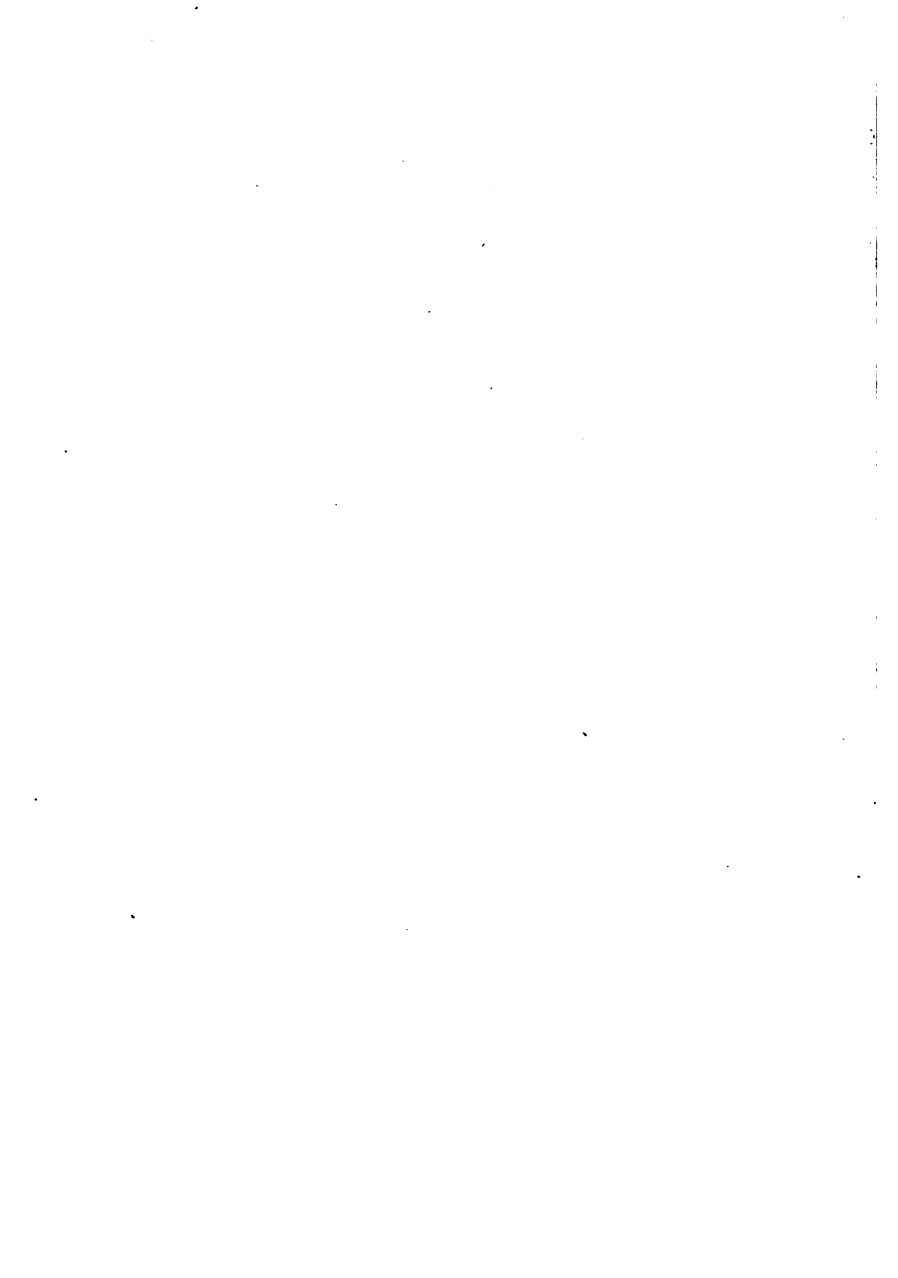
FROM

Professor F. N. Robinson.



F. N. Robinson

Cambridge, 1902.



MacCernan Prize Essays, No. 1.

TRACTANNA
AR SON DU AISE MÍC ÉIGE ARNÁIN—I.

PRÓS GAEÖEALAC.

Tráct i nGaeöilg, maille le n-a airtiuigad
i mbéarla, agus foclóir.

leir an
AṬAIR RÁDPAIG Ua DUINNÍN.

uṡṡar “Cormaic Uí Conaill,” “Cille hÁinne,” 7c.

—o—

An na cup amac

oo

cumann buan-coimeáda na gaeöilge.

i mBaile-áta-cliaṫ :

le

m. h. gill 7 a mac, i sráio uí conaill.
1902.

MacTernan Prize Essays==I.

IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK^(S) DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.

PUBLISHED FOR THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE
IRISH LANGUAGE.

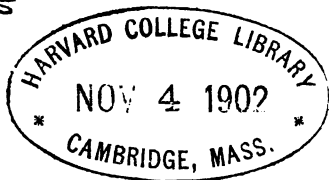
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1902.

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Prof. F. H. Robinson

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PREFACE.

THE following Essay on "Irish Prose" owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the *Æneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of *Æschylus*; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable identity that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

my thinking is far less important than this: what are the distinct features of Irish literature? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

ṖÁṬṚAÍṢ ṖA ṬUINNÍN.

CLÁN AN LEABAIR.

	Leathanac.
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Toḡail bhuiríne Dá Deirgá ...	18
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πρὸς ἑβραῖα.

prós ðæðealað.

—o—

an ceao alr.

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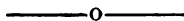
na sean-úir-sgéalta i gcoitcíann.

Cialluigeann príór, nó caint ríurta, i gcoitcíann, ðað aon traðar ríurðinne ná fuil i meaoar. 'Do réir na bríð reo áirníðtear oibneaða reanðair, geinealað, aður úrilaðra coitcían na noaoineað i mearð oibneac príór. Aðt tá bríð eile leir an bfoal ná tógann an méio rin ar fao irteac. Cialluigeann ré ríurðinn nó oráio ceapuíðte le gliocar liruigeaða ir ná fuil fuinte i meaoar; aður 'do réir na bríð rain, ní áirníðtear oibneaða tráðtar ar na réilteannaib, nó ar algebra, i mearð oibneac príór.

Ir léir gur réioir o'obairi príór beir fuinte le gliocar móri liruigeaða, aður ir veimín ná fuil ó n-a lán oíob aðt meaoar cum beir 'n-a laoióib. Inr na haltaib reo leanar tráðtaraimíó, an cúio ir mó, ar an bpríór liruigeaða.

Ir nó-ðeacair an obairi tráðt ar príór ðæðealað, óir ir nó-ðeacair teact ar an méio atá le raðbáil ve. Tá an cúio ir mó 'do ríurðinnib ðæðealaðá ðan cup i gclao fóir. Tá ríao ríuríðte inr na leaðarlánnaib

IRISH PROSE.



CHAPTER I.



THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

mópa ar fuair na h-Eorpa, agus tá úrmóir dá bfuil i gcloó víob i n-uirleabhair ná bíonn a stairteal ar na daoib i gcoitciann, aet amáin ar an dor foglumta. Ní hé rin amáin, aet tá an príor litirgeaeta ceilte, foluighe inr na leabhair lám-rghíobeta féin, i utreo gur veacair iao vo folácar, an fair atá cionnicíoe geinealaig, ir a leitéiríoe inr gac aon ball. Ir príor, leir, gur eug na rcoláiríoe Gaélealaca a bpríom-airé vo'n príor vo éraob-rghoilreao na cruao-focail Gaélealaca atá le faibáil. inr na sean-leabhair, nó vo éabairao eolar víinn ar nóraib ar rinreap, nó vo príotecoao gac cruao-éirir dáir seanchar, nó vo éabairao cunnar cinnte ar sean-lioraib ir ar sean-fotracáib na tíre, ir gur féanadair na húir-rgealta, na cáiríoe ir gac tráet eile a bí funte le gliocar litirgeaeta. Uime rin adéairao an léigheoir neam-tuigreanae, ar léigheo na leabair fair, gur b'fin é an fafar litirgeaeta bí ar fao agairn, agus ag bualaó a láime ar an "Chronicon Scotorum," o'fíarpríao pé víot: "An é rin an fafar litirgeaeta atá le cairbeánaó i nGaéilg agair? Má'r é, ní fu é o'fogluim ná uao ar bíe o'faibáil uao."

Tá príor mar an "Chronicon Scotorum" inr gac aon teangair fan Eorup, cíot nac ceairt príor litirgeaeta vo glaoaoe air, aoob le aoob le rgealtaib ir rtráiréib lán vo bneágtact ir o'íomáigheact, ir curta le céile go bpríogmar, garta, fuaimentamail. 'N-a teannta fair ir maíe an comairta ar ar litirgeact go bfuil cunnar

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The Chronicum Scotorum," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "The Chronicum Scotorum," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

com cinnnte ar ar rinnearaidh agaimn i r t   le l  igea  
'ran "  ronicum Scot  rum," 'ran "leabair   ab  la,"
i r i n-a leit  ioib. Dearbair leabair o   r  gar   o
raib na daoine   ainiz iom  inn clirte   um   ac n  o vo
bain le n-a no    ar vo r  r  o  . Tugair na leabair
reo, leir, a l  n feara    inn ar neit  b bainear le n-ar
litir  gea  , bio   na   litir  gea   iao f  in.

  c n   f  gann rain   an litir  gea   rinne, agur   air
r  ol  ir  e na heorpa anoir ag lu   ar fean-litir  -
ea  ta, agur '  a i  o n   fuil a leit  io o   haoir le
r     il 'ran do  an.

I r mian linn-ne, 'ran tr  ig  o a   ceapuir  te    inn,
tuairir     igin vo   abairte ar an b  r  r   ae  eala  ,   c
n   f  ioir    inn      o l  ir vo r  r  o  , i r o   b  iz rin
n  l agaimn   c foillir    o   igin vo    an  m ar an
  c  o i r fe  r   ve, i r iar  air   ar an l  ig  teoir    vo
l  igea   o   f  in.

I r iao c  il  e coit  ianna an trean-  r  oir   ae  ealaiz
n   neart i r r    b  ea   iom  ig  ea  ta, o    mla   foill-
r   te i r ceart  c r    te. Tr    air a l  n o  r fean-
r    l  aib ar neart o      ea  ta; mar     anann an
o      ea   o  ite vo     in  b, i r cuir  ann mair   i r
fuin  e  m i r   ig  e ar fean-    in  b c    na, foir   te,
fanna; mar     anann r     -b  u     ol  ar, fair  ir  , iol-
b      , i n-a mb  o m    uairle, r        la ag   l i r
ag     b  ear i reom  air   b        a, vo b       n       a
       .   c i r     l le o      ea   f  in mair   i r
  ilne na n-  ir-r    l ro i r    b  ea  , i mb      aib
b         a, i r i n-       ea  . Ag l  igea   na n-    c

exact as that which may be read in "The Chronicum Scotorum," in "The Book of Invasions" and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro dúinn, ir é fós cuimh na hÉireann atá fá n-ar
 zcoraib. Glaise an féir, cuimhacht na zcoraob ir na
 uor, an t-aer ciúin, cnearta, rogamail, an cnocán,
 an ránat, an bán rocair, mó-ghar, na móinféir bheásta,
 blácmair, an éaire mear, binn-ghlóra — cuirio rin
 uile i n-uimail dúinn go bfuilmio ag riubal ar bántaib
 mine méide Cille Dara, nó na Míde, nó i zcomzaraacht
 do baile-áta-Cliait, mar a bfeicimio na boib-éonnta
 dá luazgaó ríorriaróe le gaotaib, nó le hair eamain
 Macla, nó cimceall Éruacla Meróe.

Ní gan eolar, leir, atáimio ar na fearaib ir ar na
 mnáib do buaileann iomann inr na n-úir-rzgealtair reo
 —fir cnoa, curata, áro-meanmacla, fearzgacla, ullama
 cum maiteacla do éanam do namair; mná áilne,
 maireamla, roilbire, zneannmair, lán-abairóe. Imearz
 na cuioeacta rain, ir léir dúinn go bfuilmio ar fós na
 hÉireann, agur i bpoair ar noaoineat tíreamail
 féin. Acl ní hionnan an tpeo atá oita inr na rzgeal-
 taib ir tá i noiu. Do hoileat na fir reo le cleairib
 riadait agur do cleactaor anró ir cruatán bhuizne
 ir coimearzair. Mairio úrmóir dá raogal fá óion na
 rzpéire. Bíonn riato ag cúrrail na zcoillteat, luizio
 ríor ar bhuacair zlara na n-abann. Téio riato ag
 reilz ar leirzib Clár Luirc, ir cluicío an riad ir an
 raolclú, ir ní le gaotair ná le ceoltaib tromparóe, acl
 le mire a zcor. Ní gan rzgait ir za a bío i zcomnuiróe,
 ir bíonn potiom cacla ríorriaróe le héirteacl 'n-a
 ucimceall.

Ir taparó lúctair iao na mná leir, agur ní ag baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air; they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

fanann ríao. Ní gan ríodairde ir ríól b'reac a bíonn ríao, aót ir mó atá a noócar ar lafairi a gclaoon-rioz ná ar éadairib péarlacla a cum cioróte na b'riaduigíte reo vo flaoaó. Atá veirir eile ioir na daoirib reo ir ar noadairib féin. Tá an tír i n-a gcomnuigíto neamrpleadac. Ní amáin ná fuil eagla oréa noim amaraib na n-eactrann, aót beirio ar uairib a gcuio reirge ar veirig-fiucaó t'rearna na mara go r'leibitib ir dainguib Alban. Vo bí, fór, a n-úrlabna féin aca, ir níor gabaó úóib beir a g b'riotaríeact i m'béarla a namao.

Aót cuirtear a'tarriu gao ionganac ar na neitib reo go léir le r'iaoiréact ó'n u'goar. A'tarriu g'eann rí na fir ir na mná ro, ir véanan rí laócra ir bain-tigearnaisge, nó véite ir bain-véite úóob. Ní le híomáigeact focal véantar an t-a'tarriu gao r'ain, aót le neair foill-rigíte ionganacais i n-a gcuirtear geara ar an voim ar r'ao cum uil i gcomórtar leo i o'tréine ir i léir-maire. Tá gac éact, gac tuirar, gac c'reac, gac cóir, a'tarriu gíte le cumar r'iaoiréacta an u'goair. Tugair na gairgíobis cuairt móir-oimíceall na scoillteao cóim héarcaró, abair leir na r'iaóib, ir úóirigíto ríuo ar a b'rial-tigítib, ir beirio oréa r'ul a r'itio i b'rao. Ir áro, oac-amail, mairéamail iao na cuirao reo; cuirio r'maót ar a'tacáib, ir fuarglao mairgeana bíonn i noair-b'ruio. Ir coimíail le fo'trom na r'toirme 'ran ngeimíeao cóimigíteac fuaim a nga a g gabáil ar a céile. Tá a liúir ca'ta cóim r'iaóain le glóir na r'uaó-tonn mar

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

ḃripiṣo gan faoircaṁ ar luir Ḃairḃrie. Ir mar ḃeinirḃ
 aḃanta oá réircaḃ le garḃ-ḡaoirḃ a ḃreairḡ lá an oíḡ-
 altair. Ní oo réiri cleair comḃaic, mari cleaḃtar i
 noiu iao, oo cúmtairḃ a ṽreara. Níoi cleaḃtarai
 lámác oíreac, rocair, ó ionao foluirḡe, aḃt rearaṁ le
 céile i n-aḡairḃ a namao i n-a mballairḃ beo-abairḃ
 oadonna. Leomair oo b'eaḃ iao, com láirui, com mean-
 mac le ḡairḡirḃ na Tḡae, ir nári b'féirui a ḡroḃaḃt
 ná a meirneac oo fáruḡaḃ i rḃáir ná i n-úir-ḡéal.

Má tá oearmar oir i oḃaḃ aontaḃta ir ionnanaḃta
 na litirḡeaḃta ḡaeḃealairḡe i n-íomáirḡeaḃt ir i noaḃ-
 amlaḃt lonnirairḡ ó túir ḡo veircaḃ, cuir i ḡcomóirḃ na
 húir-ḡéalta ir rine atá aḡairn leir na hamḡánairḃ oo
 cúmaḃ 'ran Múmar 'ran oḃtmaḃ haoir oéaḡ. Tóḡ mar
 ḃun comóirḃair mairḃ ir úir-ḃreáḡtaḃt ban. Ir cinnte
 nári léirḡeair ririrḃ na Múmar iuair "Tóḡair ḃriurḃne
 Oá Oeirḡa," ná "Táir ḃó Cuairḡne," ná rór "Toḃ-
 mairḃ Emir," aḃt 'n-a ḃaḃt rair ir ionnan náḃ móri an
 moḃ foillirḡe atá le rāḡbair 'rna n-úir-ḡéaltairḃ reo
 aḡur i n-amḡánairḃ aḃaḡáir Uí Raḃaille ir Eoḡair
 Ruair Uí Súilleabáir. Ní heaḃ amáir ḡo ḃruil veall-
 iair le céile aca mar a ḃruirḡeá ruir rḃáirḃ aoirḃne,
 ciḃḃ ḡo mbeaḃ a n-uḡair ráir-ḃeirḡilte ó n-a céile, aḃt
 annro ir ionnan na rmuairte ir an moḃ foillirḡe, ir
 ionnan a n-íomáirḡeaḃt álairn aḡ ríáḃt tar mairḃ
 náúirḃa ir oadonna, ir ḡo cinnte aḡ cur ríor ar léir-
 mairḃ ban.

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhre. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and identity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," or "The Cattle Spoils of Cooley," or yet "The Wooing of Emir," nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost identical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

1r vóig linn-ne sup siorra dá céile i moó foill-
 riúcte, amháin Eogain Ruair agus úir-ísgálta mar
 “Cógáil Bhruíne Dá Deirga,” ná a bfuil nuad 1r árra
 o’aon litriúeaó eile ’ran Eoruir—ná Shelli agus
 Deouir, ná Goethe agus an Nibelungenlieu. Aó
 cuir i gcumne go bfuil foillriúgaó iongantaó na rean-
 uóar ro leacuiúcte i n-úir-ísgáltaib fada, veaó-fuinte,
 veaó-cúmta, táíte i bprór nó-ghreannata. Aó ’ran
 t-oótmáó haoir veaó, agus timceall na haimirre rin, oo
 b’éisin coóall filiúeaóta oo cúir ar uóar, 1r a aigneaó
 oo grioruógaó le oian-feiúg oántamail pul a bfuigreá
 an foillriúgaó céaona uair. B’éisin a meabair oo cúir
 ar leit-meirge le cumáó nó gáó nó éao nó formao.
 Ní gan roimuib fíadaíne filiúeaóta oo luigean a
 aigneaó ar máótnam ar fíor-mair náóúirta nó oanna.
 Oo rírób an rean-uóar i bprór fócair, cúir, maorá,
 aó b’filiúeaó an prór rain, oíó ná raib ré fuinte
 i meaoar. Oo mair ré i n-aimirí fócair, ónearta, agus
 oo bí báíó aige le breáótaó. B’é prór a úrlabha
 náóúirta, agus 1r iao cáilíde an próir rin ná neart,
 rocuigeaó 1r léir-íomáigeaó.

Má’r mian linn an t-aigneaó Gaódealaó o’feicrint
 ’n-a fliúó náóúirta féin, gan cuir irteaó air le rmaó
 tar fairrige, ní fulair oúinn an rean-prór Gaódealaó
 oo léigeaó. Oo mair na huóar oo bí agáinn le
 oédeanaíge i n-aimirí buaídearta; ní raib ré o’fonn
 oíta ríróbaó i n-aon-óir sup milleaó an t-anam aca
 le brón 1r le buile, 1r sup lar feara a gcóiróte, agus i

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envy. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

n-a laoióctib—cioó nári cúimniḡeasari orḡa—atá cáilíóe na rean-uḡsari ḡo foiléiri le feicrint. Cailḡrimíó an ion-nanaóct fíorriaríóe rin na rean-litriḡeácta ir na nuao-litriḡeácta oo cúigrint ḡo mó-ḡléineac, má'r mian linn bḡeicé cóimḡiom oo ḡabairc ar ar litriḡeáct ḡo léiri, ir í oo measao i n-aḡairó litriḡeácta na heorpa ir an oomáin i ḡcoitḡiann. Ir le congnaím ó'nnuaó-litriḡeáct ḡuri féioiri oúinn cḡaoḡḡaoileao éigin oirḡeáimnac oo cúri ar úiri-ḡḡeáltaib na rean-uḡsari. Míniḡeann an tḡean-litriḡeáct a lán oá bḡuil neaím-ḡnáḡac, oo-cúigre i n-amḡánaiḡ ir i noántaiḡ na hoóctmaó haoire oéas. Ní heao nári orḡail an litriḡeáct ḡaeóealac í féin amaó, ir ná oeaóairí rí i bḡeabar ir i noéine ir i ḡḡeire, aóct ḡurab é an ḡaḡar ḡeabair ḡiocḡao ar ḡḡean-aigneo ḡḡeicḡeamail le neairc buairóearḡa ir léiri-buile.

Níori b'féioiri linn cunnḡar ceairc oo ḡabairc ar fairobḡeáct focal ir ar móó lonnḡac foillḡiḡḡe eoḡain Ruairó ir Míic Óomnaill, ir fílióe na haoire rin, muna mbeao roiri lámáiḡ aḡainn le léiḡeao, "Tóḡáil bḡuiróne Oá Oeḡa," "Táin bó Cuailḡne," "Tocmairc Emiri," "Caḡ Ruir na Ríḡ," 7c. Ó aimir an úiri-ḡḡeíl, "Tóḡáil bḡuiróne Oá Oeḡa," ḡo haimḡiri eoḡain Ruairó, ní'l amḡar ná ḡo raiḡ ḡráct i n-ari cúairó ar litriḡeáct i n-olcar, aóct níori aḡairḡuiḡ rí maím a cḡuḡ, aḡur atá rí 'n-ari mearḡ le oéiróeanaiḡe níori fairobḡe ir níori lonnḡaiḡe 'ná maím.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read "The Taking of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The wooing of Emir," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

AN DARA HALT.

TÓGBÁIL BRUIRÖNE DÁ DERGA.

Labramairi éuar ar “Tógbáil Bruiröne Dá Derga,” agur oubramar zup b’ionnan a móð foillirgite agur moð foillirgite na n-aimpán vo cumað i nÉilunn tá céao zo leit bliaðan ó join. Ir mian linn annro tuairirg éigin vo tabairt ar an úir-rgeál zneannta ro atá curta amac le véiröeanairge ’ran *Revue Celtique*, ir airtirgite i mbéarila le uicler Stócer. Bainean an t-eactra ro le húir-rgealtairb Con Cúlainn ir “Táine bó Cuailgne.” Áct tá ré veigilte ó’n zcuro eile vor na rgealtairb ro. Atá ré leir féin fá leit, agur ní’l vearmao zup áirra an t-úir-rgeál é. Fažtar i “Leabair na hUiröne” é, leabair vo rzióbað ’ran t-aonmáð haoir véaz, agur i “Leabair buirö Lecan,” agur curo ve annro ir annróvo i leabairb eile. Áct ir veimün zup cumað an rgeál i b’ao moim aimpir an leabair ir áirraige vóob ro.

Triáctann ré ar milleað Conaire Móir mic Eatar-rceril i mbuiröin Dá Derga. Áir-mí na hÉirneann vo b’eað Conaire le n-a linn, ir ní raib a leitéro vo riž mañ moime i oTeamair, ir vo óibir ré comirgear ir eacriann ir léir-zoio ar an tír ar rao. Áct o’éirgíö-eavari a com-óaltairöe ’n-a cöinnib, ir o’aontuirgeavari le hhirgeál, ó b’reatin, milleað vo véanaim ar ocúir

CHAPTER II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

1 n-Albain, ir annrain 1 nEiunn. 'Nuair do bíodair ag teacht go talam na hÉireann, do bí Conaire ag riuibál le n-a buirín le hair baile áta Cliaí, agus ag déanam ar bhuirín Dá Deirga, ní laißeann. Aithnío an dá buirín fuaim ir focrom a céile, ir aithnío gan mearbail gur b'fín i fuaim a namas. Ba hiongantac é gabáil ir tógbáil Conaire, ir ní maib ré acé 1 n-a "gíola óg amulchach" nuair do rocuirgead 'n-a míg 1 oTeamair é, acé do cuiread geara trioma, bainseana air, 1 gcár náir b'fupairte óó uil ó éubairt ir ó léir-millead. Ir iao ro na geara do cuiread air:

"Ní churochir deareal Tempach ocur tuaitbhuil mbrég.

"Nir' tairnichter lat claenmile Ceirínai.

"Ocur nir echtra cach nomas n-aioche reach Theamair.

"Ocur nir' fací 1 tís ar mbi eghna puillir teneao imnach iair fuineao ngríne 7 imbi ecnai dammuig.

"Ocur ní tairra muir tri Deirga do chis Deirg.

"Ocur nir' pasbairtí oibéig io flait.

"Ocur ní tae dam aenmna no enfir 1 tech forit iair fuineao ngríne.

"Ocur ní a hupair augra do da moghuo."

Ir léir go maib an t-ág 'n-a coinnib ó éuir, agus an oiréao rain geara do léigean air, agus ná maib don uil aige iao do feacnad ar fao.

1 gcúrra an rgeíl do éuaró ré 1 n-aghair na ngeara ro go léir, agus ba óaoir an oioğaltar do baimead ar. Ir minic 1 muir an eactra do éuinnig ré ar na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

ʒeapab peo vo bi map tpmuigeact air, ir ar
 vul 'n-a n-azair vo ir minic vo cuireao i n-uñail
 vo le neart tapngaireacta zo pab milleao ir
 tubairt 'n-a comair. Ir tpuagmeileac e rgeal an
 veag-pioz po, az veanam maiteara vo'n tpaogal mor-
 utimceall, asur le linn zac maiteara az bpireao tie
 n-a ʒeapab ir an t-ag va ceangailt le flabra iarpainn
 na feaofoa a bpireao. Ni'l rgeal na eactra le fagbail
 i leabpab na i mbéal na peancaro com voilb, com
 tpuagmeileac le fuirre ir comeargar an cupao peo le
 n-a ag voema fein, ir e pa veoir az tuirim gan tpuag
 gan taire vo. Cioeann re fein zo roileir zo buil re
 az vul ar a aimleap; ir 'n-a voair rin ni fagann re ann
 fein bpireao a ʒeapa vo feacnao. Bi a coil no-lag,
 ir bi an iomao vo ʒeapab map tpmuigeact air. Ba
 voiz leat gur cuireaoar na veite Conaire ar an
 paogal cum ceap magair vo veanam ve, "quoties voluit
 fortuna joculari." Ni pab a leiteir vo riz nam poime
 rin ar feabar ir ar comtpomaact:

"Ir na flaithe atait na tri bairr for Erinno .i. bairr
 oiar 7 bairr rooth 7 bairr merra. Ir ina flaithe ar
 chombino la cach fer guth ariale ocur betir teta
 menochpor ar febar na cana, 7 in trioa 7 in chain-
 compaic fail rechnon na hereno."

Act ir e tpuag an rgeil gur b'e an feabar ceaona,
 asur an comtpomaact neam-ghatac vo meall e cum
 rligeao a donair. Bi re vo ʒeapab air gan riotcain
 vo veanam roir beirt va geibleacab, act noir leis a

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock "as often as Fate wished to make merry." There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice:

"In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other's voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin."

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two "thralls," but his

ὁ δὲ ἀποκρίσας εἶπεν αὐτοῖς ὅτι· ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἔρχεται ἐν σινορίᾳ.

Ո՛ր ո՛րից լին շար քերորս ա լան ո՞ն րջեալ րօ ոօ
 լնաշած 1 լոռնաճէ րօլլրից՛ե, ր 1 րա՛ծնրեաճէ րօճալ,
 աշար ր յեալլրամաճ շար մար րօ ոօ րջրօծնրաճ Եօճան
 Խաճօ յա մարրեաճ րէ 1 ռ-աւրրր ան սջօար. Ըւրրրմիօ
 րիօր անրօ եաջան յ՛րիօր-ժօրաճ ան րջեալ —

“Bui m ampia ainegoa fop Einnn, Eoharo feroleach a ainm. Dooluo feachtur n-ann vap Aenach mbreg leith, conaccat in mnai fop up in tobair 7 cip chuirp-riel aigic co n-ecop ve op acthe oc folcuo al- luing aigic 7 ceithm heoin oip fuirp 7 gleongemai beccai oi channmogul chopcpai hi fopilearcuib na luingi. Biat cap corcpa poloichain aicthe. Dualloai aingioi ecoiprioce [milech] ve op oibinnu ipin bratt. Lene lebup chulpatach ip i chocturlemon vei phitru uainioce po vergin liuo oip impi. Tuagmila ingantai oi op 7 aigic fop a bpuinuib 7 a fopmnaib 7 a guallib ipino lene oi cach leith. Taitneo fpuia in fpuian cobba foveig bona fcpaib caroleach ino oip fuirp ngréin apin tritru uainioi. Da trilip n-ophuioi fop a cino, fige ceit bpi nval ceachtap noce 7 mell fop pino cach ouail. Da cormail leo vath ino foile rin fpu bapn n-aileptap hi rampao, no fpu verigópi rap noenam a vatha.

1r anó buí oc tairtbiúch a fuilt oia folcúo . . .
 batari gílthipí rneachta n-dénaithe na oí uoit 7 batari
 maethchoipí 7 batari veigíthipí rian rlebe na oia gnuao
 nglan aillí. batari uuibíthipí rnuimne oaeil na oia
 malaich. batari inano 7 rrair oo nemannaih a oeta
 i na cenó. batari glaríthipí bugha na oí rhuil.
 batari veigíthipí paptaing na beoil. batari roraprao
 mine maethgela na oia gualaino. batari gelglana
 ríthfota na meia. batari róta na lama . . .

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“ There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“ There she was undoing her hair to wash it White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands . . . The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Solurruioiuo inn erce ina faepagaro urthochail uailli ina minmalgib iuithen, ruiighe ceachtar a da iug porc. Tibri ainuira ceachtar a da ghuao co n-amlio ino tibren vo ballaib bith chopra co noeigi sola laig 7 apail eile co solur gili pneachta. Vocmaepoacho banamail ina giori cem poruo n-inmalla acci, tochim iugnaro le. Ba ri tra ar caemaem agur ar ailoeam agur ar coram atconnaricavari iuili voine ve miab vomain. Ba voig leo beo a rivaib oi. Ba rria arbieth "ciuth cach co hetai." "Caem cach co hetai."

Ni'l rlighe againn annro tracht ar brieaghtacht na bpuirone; ar a cuio reomra aeieaca doibne, ar cuallacht uaral, meanmac Conaire, ar a leir-maire ir ar a rpreamlaacht, ar a caoine ir ar a moiracht, ar na ceasraib vo ciut le n-a laim i gcuimangraacht coimrigair, ar na curaib vo goin ir vo mill re da coraint fein gan bpiig, ar a ag dooma fein, ar triuas a leir-tarfa, mar eigeann ir aicceann re deoc ir gan doinne 'ran bpuirion cum a iota no muca, mar vo faorfa aon deoc amain e ar lan-cuile a tubairte, ir gan an deoc rain le fagbail, na for ar bargao ir milleao ir oga, ir leir-buireao na hoiche rin. Ba oig leat gur b'i an Trae vo oga ir vo leaga apir le pluagtaib na neachtann:

"Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando

Explicit, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?"

wooing in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" *

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

an treas alt.

uir-séalta bainead le coin cúlainn.

Iy mar a céile Cú Cúlainn iní na fean-ísgéaltaib
 Saeðealača iy Aicil i mbeart áiríte o'eactpariob
 Sreigeaca. Maireann Cú Cúlainn i n-a lán do fean-
 ísgéaltaib Saeðealača 'n-a cúpað oirðearic, iy 'n-a laoc
 cat-buaðac; agur i n-a lán eile oib iy é ppiom-
 míleað na n-éact ar a otriáctari é. 'N-a taob pain ní
 oia ná deamán Cú Cúlainn aét duinne daonna, bioð go
 otagann ačarpiugað iongantač aiy ó uaiy go huaiy le
 neart éactac éigin oiaoiðeacta. Iy fiaðain, fearigač,
 píočmar i gcačaib 'r i gcomlann é, aét ní gan tairc,
 gan triuaigmiél a čioiðe. Iy é cupað Cúigio ulač é,
 agur glóiy Eamain Mača, iy cú coranta Cúlainn. Ní
 čuipio laočia ná čuinniuğað daoineað eagla ná
 uamain aiy, agur iy triom é béim a čuio aiyiy iy ču-
 painn a láime i lári comeargaaiy.

Cioð nári ba deamán é féin, léiğmio —

“Sypa gairretar imme boccánaiz ocar bananaiz ocar
 genici glinoi ocar demna a eóiy. Oaiz ba beicitir Tuata
 Oé Dananna ngaiyuio immiyuim combao móci a gpiáin
 ocay a ecla ocar a uyuao ocay a uyuamain incac cath
 ocay in cač cathioi in cač comluno ocay in cač compiuc
 i teigio.”

Ní aontuigmió i n-aon-čoi leir na huğoapaib a
 oéarpað nac daonna an cupað io. Ní'l i gCoin Cúlainn,
 a oeiyo, 'nuaiy a ðionn fearig iy cpaoy aiy, iy 'nuaiy a

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

cuirpeann fíu a féadaint na laochra cum báir, aót an
 grian bheáđ, lonnraó, lapaíail, ađ cur a tear i gcóin,
 ađur 'nuair a tágann an t-ađairpuđao éaótaó air le
 neair a “marraio” ní'l ann aót an grian éaona fá
 óub-rgamallaió, ir fá úi-óoróuđao éoióđ. Ir labraio
 na huđoiri reo ai bheacaó an lae tré néaltaíó na
 rpeíre, marí cormalaót oo Cóin Cúlainn. Aót ir oóiđ
 linn-ne ná fuil aon gabaó oo fámluigeaót na gpiéine
 ná oo óub-rgamallaió neime ađainn cum éaóta Cóin
 Cúlainn, marí a bpoillriđtear oúinn iao 'ina húir-
 rgéaltaíó, oo cuigriint. Ní'l i n-eaótra Cóin Cúlainn
 aót rgéal mói-cupiaó oo cormaió a cúigeaó ó amaraíó
 na bpeari nēipeannaó ór na ceitpe cúigrióib eile, ir go
 piaió a éaóta oá n-aítiur ađ báioaió uile na tíre. Ní
 ceairt grian ná ceo ná rgamaill oo tábairt irteaó gan
 fáót, ađur ní'l i n-úir-rgéaltaíó a baínear le n-ar
 gcupiaó fáót ná aóbaí fámluigeaóta oá íađar. Ní
 heaó ná gur iunneaó gníomarióta leir ná cig le ouine
 oainna oo óéanaí gan cabairí ó óeitióib, nó ó óeamanaíó,
 aót ní óéanann fain grian ná oia óe. Bí aicil oainna
 go leoi—ar taaó a ađar ar aon trliđiú—aót cuirpeann
 Pallar lonnraó glóimari 'n-a timóeall, i otreo go
 gcritio íluaiđte le heagla oá amairc, ađur neairt-
 uigeann í a gúit, i otreo go otagann anfaó ar buiúin
 na Trae, ir go otiuteann a gcuro airim ar a lámaíó le
 fuaim a liúipe.

Ir íoi-éaótaó macgníomarióta Cóin Cúlainn, aót ní
 óéanann fain oia ná grian ná tairóbre óe. Ní piaió ann
 aót leanbán 'nuairí cuirí ré iongnaó aríománaioitió óga

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúirte an ríog. Do chug céas go leit oíob iarruáct ar é vo marbað, áct níorí b'féirí leo riu é vo gortuáð. Gluaiseann ré 'n-a noiaí, agus tuiteann caogao oíob le n-a láim, agus ríocair an cúro eile óó. Ní maib ré an tpiáct rain áct cúig bliáðna o'aoir. Do junne ré éacra níor iongantaisge ó bliáðain go bliáðain, agus vo mē a cáil ar fuair na oúitce ar fao. Tá cunnar ar an gcuiað ro i n-a lán o'úir-rgéaltaib, áct ir iao ro na rgéalta a baimear leir, ar ir feáiri a bfuil aicne. "Tógáil bhuiríne Dá Deirga," "Táin bó Cuailgne," "Cac Ruir na Rí," "Seirglige Conculaino," "Fleo buicleno," "Toemairic Emir." Ní'l don rgéal oíob ro com bneá, com brioimari le "Táin bó Cuailgne." Úir-rgéal cuiaídeac ir eao an "Táin" go bfuil oótain don liruigéacra nó teangan 'ran toman ann, úir-rgéal lán o'eaectiaíob doibinne, agus o'eaectiaib i n-a bfoillirigítear cuioáct ir meanma móir-cuiað. Cioð gur rgéal págána é, ní'l mí-éneartaect ná mí-náúir ar éact ná ar gniom de. Anro ir anroúo táio rtaíra foillirigíte le ragbáil ann com hálainn, com lonnriac ir geobfaoe i liruigéact na Róma. Tá an éaint boir, raióbir, ir na buiaíar brioimari, léir-milir, ir ní fuláir o'n léigíteoir ruim vo cúir i n-éactiaib ir i ngníomariáib an rgéil ro, agus go móir-móir i gcuioáct ir i meanmain, ir i móir-énoiréact Con Culainn.

Tá Cúigeao Ulaó ag fuirre i gcomnib na gcúigeao eile, agus ir é Cú Culainn fál coranta Cúigíó Ulaó; ir é gleacairé a oaoineao i n-uē an baogáil; ir

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricru," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a lonnrao folair i n-oiúicéad rléibe, i' a gcomairce
 oin, i' a gcrann bagair i n-aíaró a naimao. I' geall
 le haontuádo muinntire na heorpa uile i gcomnib
 napóleon aontuádo na gceitire gcúigeaó i n-aíaró
 Con Cúlaimn, aó gup mío oibhúgeann an Cú ghuirde
 rin le neart a cólna féin ná maí ceann uiraró ar
 fluaigtib. Cuireann comriac aonfirí átar ar a éirirde.
 Sáruigeann móir-cúmaó 'ran ló é; aó an faro a bíonn
 ré ag pléir leir an gcupaó rain, tá neart ag fluaí na
 brear nérneannaó gluaireadó rompa com faro agus
 i' féirir leo. Aó ní rlan ná foláin laoc ná cupaó
 'n-a óiaró. I' ríor go veimín ná cuireann ré feargur
 cum báir, aó ní'l fonn ar feargur buan-comriac oo
 cúir air. I' romó caó i' coimearígar ar a oiríáctann an
 "Táin," aó ní'l éadó 'ran ríeal i' fearíir cuirear i
 n-uíail oúinn nóra cnearta ar n-aíreacó, a noeag-
 béara, i' a noaonnaó 'ná comriac aonfirí Con Cúlaimn
 i' féiríar ag an áé.

Com-óaltairde oo b'eaó na cupairde reo oo hoileao
 le Sgátairí i' Aoiré, aó go maib an Cú i' brao
 níor óige ná féiríar, agus anoir, ció go bfuil
 ciorde na beirte ar léir-laraó le lán-féirí i n-aíaró
 an coimearígar, ní óeacáir báir a gcom-óaltacáir
 i' bfuairé aca, agus i' geall le bídáirib gíadaca
 iao ag teagmáil le n-a céile ar maroin lae an
 comriac, i' ag rígaró le céile i gcomair na hoirde,
 go bhuíste, leointe, tar éir fuirre i' anríó an coimear-
 gar. Ní oíó gup ríríobao ríar ná úir-ríeal maí

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The "Cattle Spoil" describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

i n-a n-iomc̃raio mór-čupaiðe iao féin leir an oipeao cneartaéta iʃ mór-čpoideáéta. Iʃ veim̃in ná fuil i lictiʒeaét na Róam ná na ʒnéiʒe cupaò com̃ huaral, com̃ meanmac, com̃ veaʒ-aiʒeaintaé le Coin Culainn. 'Nuair a čeazm̃uiʒio le céile ar bpuac an áta, cuireann ʃeioiao fáilte ʃioi-čaoiñ poim̃ an Čoin. "Mo čen oo čuétu, a Cuculaino," ar ʃé, aʒur tar éir mór-čooa aʒallaim̃, luiʒio ar com̃rac, aʒur um čráč-nóna, tar éir tuirpe iʃ anpaò an com̃raic, "Scuim̃ ve ʃioain bauepta a Cuculaino," ar ʃeioiao. Oo ʃʒuip-aðar ó céile, aʒur aʒ ʃo mar čráčtann an "Táin" ar čaoine iʃ ar čneartaét a muinntearp̃oiʃ:—

"Bhačep̃oret a n-aipm̃ uathu illámaib a n-aiao. Tánic cáč oib o'inoʃaig̃io aipale arʃ aithle ocar maʃeʃt cáč oib lám ðar bʃáʒit aipale, ocar ma čairb̃iʃ tēópa póc. Ra bátar a n-eic̃ in oen ʃcup̃ in n-aioči ʃin, ocar a n-aiao ic̃ oen tenio; ocar bo ʒñiʃetari a n-aiao corʃair̃ lep̃ta úpiluač̃ra ooib, ʒo ʃp̃içhaðarç̃aib ʃep̃ nʒona ʃiuu. Tancatar ʃiallač̃ icci ocar leʒiʃ ða n-icc ocar ða leig̃eʃ, ocar ʃoçep̃oetari lubi ocar loʃpa icci ocar ʃl̃anʃen ma cneoaib ocar cpeč̃taib, má n-áltaib ocar má n-ilʒonaib. Čač lubi ocar čac loʃa icci ocar ʃl̃anʃen ma beʃt̃hea ma cneoaib ocar cpeč̃taib al̃taib aʒur ilʒonaib Conculaino, ma ionaict̃ea com̃raio uao oib ðar át ʃiar o'ʃh̃ioioao, na maʃb̃raic̃iʃ ʃiʃ h̃ep̃eno ða tuiceo ʃeioiao lepp̃ium, ba himmaic̃raio leʒiʃ ða bepaio ʃair̃."

An ðara lá aʒur an tpeap̃ lá oo'n čoĩmeap̃ʒeap̃ iom-čraio na cupaiðe iao féin ar an ʒcupaò ʒčéaona, áč ʒup̃ tuair̃ Cú Čulainn milleao a naíao an ceat̃raíao lá oo'n čoĩmeap̃ʒap̃, aʒur ðá bʃiʒ ʃin ʒup̃ ʃʒap̃aðar̃

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Grece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship:—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ó céile lán do buairíocht ír do bhuíghaó-choirde an tsear
oirdhe. An ceathrúmhádh lá tagann neart neamh-ghnáth
i gCoin Cúlainn, agus aithníonn é “muirthead” é go
lán-iongantach go —

“Ror lín atc ocar imríthi, mar anáil illér, co
noerna thuais n-uachtar, n-acbéil, n-iluathais, n-ing-
antais de; go mba meitir na fomóir, na me fer mara,
in milio móir éalma, óir chinn fíroeo i ceir artoí.”
Agus anghairn torthuigeann a gcomhac i gceart. “Ba
ré olúr n-imairic dá ionrtar, go na comhaircetar a
cinn ar n-uachtar, ocar a corra ar n-íctar, ocar allama
ar n-imeoón dar bilib ocar cobhaidib na ríat. Ba
ré olúr n-imairic dá ionrtar, go na oluigret ocar go
na oloingret a ríeít ó a mbilib go a mbíonci. Ba
ré olúr n-immairic dá ionrtar, go na fillre tar, ocar
go na luprtar, ocar go na suairisretar a ríega, ó a
iennai go a n-erlannai, 7c.”

An lá sain, do réir tuair na Con, do goineadh
ferthead tar fóir, agus —

“Rabert Cuculainn ríoi dá fíaisio ar a aithle ocar
na iao a dá láim thair, ocar tuarthaib leir cona arim
ocar cona ermuo ocar cona etguo dar áth fathuaro é.”

Ir geall le bean éainte an cupadh buadhach úo ag caoi
an laoió do leas ré, i pannaib doibne, ir i milir-þróir.

1 noeireadh na “Tána” tá trácht ar comhac ion-
gantach iorí dá tarb—tarb geal-adarac ó Connaictaib,
ir tarb donn a hultuib—sur veacair a fáruadh ar
géire ir ar fíor-óine. Ait ní’l ríge agann angho
cum cunnat do éadair ar an gcomhac sain.

Foiliríctear cneartaí ir maire Con Cúlainn dúinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his "distortion," so that

"He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad." "And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts."

On that day, in accordance with the Hound's foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

"Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards."

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzas of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the "Cattle Spoil" there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn's mildness of disposition, as well as his

róir, i rḡeal eile dá ngairimtear “Toḡmaire Emir,”
 agus faḡam tuairirḡ a eagnaḡta i “Seirḡliḡ Con-
 culainn.” Do tuit an cupaḡ dá ḡeoirḡ i ḡCaḡ Mḡaige
 Mḡuirteimne.

Cioḡ ḡuir móir an mear aḡa ar Conḡubar, ar Fḡearḡur,
 ir ar Fḡerḡoiaḡ, ir ar a lán laḡḡ eile ar a ḡtráḡtaio na
 húir-rḡealta ro, ní cupḡta i ḡcomóirḡar doinne ḡioḡ le
 Coin ḡulainn. Ní’l cupaḡ dá ḡréine ir dá meannmain i
 rḡarḡtaib ná i n-úir-rḡealtaib na hḡirḡeann. Tairḡeánann
 ré ’n-a ḡníomairḡtaib ir ’n-a éaḡtaib réin crioḡaḡt ir
 meanma, cnearḡaḡt ir caoimḡeāḡt ar rinḡear rḡl ar
 laḡaḡ rḡlar na Crioḡturḡeāḡta ’ran tír.

—————:0:—————

an ceatḡram aḡ halt.

—————

na sḡealta rionnuiḡeāḡta.

Ir ḡeall le mar a ḡéile Cú ḡulainn inḡ na rean-
 rḡealtaib ḡaeḡealaḡa agus Fionn Mac Cumail i móir-
 bolḡ do rḡealtaib níor ḡéirḡeanaige. Móir-cupaḡ do
 b’eaḡ Fionn, aḡ a raiḡ rior ionḡantaḡ, agus dáir ḡéil-
 leaḡar complaḡt mear, lúḡmar, acḡuinneāḡ, ar a
 ngairimḡtḡe an Fianḡ, nó Fianḡa ḡirḡeann. Mac ḡ’Fionn do

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called "The Wooing of Emir," and we get an account of his wisdom in the "Sick Bed of Cuchulainn." The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.*

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CHAPTER. IV.

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THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fionn Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fionn was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisín was the son of Fionn, and the primal

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," Vol. III. Appendix.

b'eað Oirín, príomh-íle na hÉireann, agus mac do-rain
 ariú do b'eað Orzari, nári b'féioiri do fáruḡaó i ttríeine
 ir i gcroácht. Bíonn Diaimair Ua Duibne ir Caoilte
 Mac Rónáin go coitcéann 'n-a b'roáiri rúto. b'éactac
 an raogal do cáiteasari fianna Éireann as b'uiḡean,
 as iut, as realḡ, as cluiceaó na ḡcairfíad ir na b'rool-
 con. Ní maib coill, ná ḡleann, ná rliab i n-Éirinn i
 ttaob amuiḡ do Cúgeaó Ulaó nári tḡasari cuairt ann.
 Ba minic go cor-éastrom iao as iut ar ieró-bántaib
 Cille Dara, ir níori b'annam a minneasari móir-féalḡ ar
 ḡorm-b'ruaáib loca léin.

Cioó ná maib triat do b'féile ná fionn féin—

“Dá maó óir in uille donn,
 Cuirior oi in cail,
 Dá maó ariḡet in ḡaltonn,
 Ro trolaiceo fionn”—

ní maib ré ḡan fearḡ ir éao ir t'roó-aiḡneaó. Ir minic
 a bíonn na fianna i n-arao leir i ttaob a t'roó-aiḡniró
 i ḡcoinnib Diaimaoa. Fiu Orzari féin, ní maiteann ré
 pocal do ceann na b'fiann.

Amail a t'ubhamar as tráct ar Coin Cúlainn, b'éactac
 iao mac-ḡníomairta fínn, agus ir beas áit i n-Éirinn ná
 fuil mian éirín i noiaró a láime. Ir iomóa rliab, ar a
 ngoirtear “Suiré fínn,” agus ir iomóa árhoán 'n-a b'fuil
 ḡalán móir cloice agus mian a méar ari; agus fór,
 ní'l baile i n-Éirinn ná fuil a ainm agus ainm a com-
 plaéta ḡo beact, cinnte i mbéal na noaoineao ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisín had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—

“Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from
it gold,

Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have
given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Finn,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bíod náir aithgeadh riamh 'n-a meary ainm Bhriain na
 Bhoruime ná dotha uí Néill.

Bíod rgealta ar fionn ir ar fionnaib éiríeann dá
 n-aithir inr na cigtib tuata ar fuair na tuitee tamall
 ó foin, agus ní for dóib fóir. Ioir na rgealtaib fionn-
 uigeachta ar ir feárr a bfuil aithe, áirimighear iao ro,
 “Oideadh Connlaoid,” “Caé fionn Tríáda,” “Eadtra
 Lomnochtáin an tSléibe Rife,” “Cuire maoil uí mhan-
 anáin go dtí fionna éiríeann,” “Tóruigeacht an fíolla
 Deacair agus a Capall,” “Bhuigean Céire Coráinn,”
 “Tóruigeacht Oiarmaida agus fíáinne,” “Agallam na
 Seanórad,” 7c.

Ir fíor go bfuil veitirir mór ioir rgealtaib mar iao
 ro agus na húir-rgealtaib bainear le Coin Cúláinn. Ir
 doibhne an éaint, ir breágha an moó foillrighe, ir lonn-
 paise an raamalaacht, agus ir uairle, vírle iao na
 cupairde i n-úir-rgealtaib Con Cúláinn. Tá na rgealta
 fionnuigeachta—nó cuir mairt dóib—lán do buadh-fo-
 laib, cupra i n-oir a céile le haíar a bfuairme, ir
 gan fuim i n-a mbriú, agus do éair a gcuir cainte i
 n-olcar i ruit na mbiaóan, i otreo go bfuigheá veit
 bfoal i n-oir a céile o’adon briú amáin i gcuir aca.

Ir dóig gur b’amlaí do tógadh garraí o’feairib croida,
 ar ar glaothá fionna éiríeann, cum áir-rig na hÉiríeann
 do corraim, poim aithir naomh páirais. Bí tairteal
 an garraí rin ar fuair na hÉiríeann ar fao aet amáin
 i gcúigeadh Ulaó. Ir ionganach mar do tóg na rgeal-
 uirde Crioirtuide ruar eadtraide na bfiann, ir mar

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do tugaodar iarracht ar iao 'aoncuḡaḡ le reanḡar na
 heaglaire. Páḡánaiḡ do b'eaḡ na fianna, aḡt níor
 b'aon níogbáil a n-éacḡa ir a ngíomairḡa 'aíḡrur do
 luḡḡ an fír-ḡreioim, aḡur dá b'íḡḡ rin ceapann an
 rḡéalurḡe ḡaeḡealaḡ ḡur fan Oirín ir Caoilte 'n-a
 mbeaḡarḡ 1 b'rao tar éir Caḡa ḡomair aḡur Caḡa
 ḡabha aḡur Caḡa Ollairba aḡur millte ir barḡḡa na
 b'fiann 1 ḡcoitḡiann. 'O'fan 'n-a b'roḡair áḡḡar beaḡ
 do'n ḡnáiḡ-fiann. Do rḡar Oirín ir Caoilte le céile,
 aḡur 1 ḡcúrra a riublóirḡe do buail Caoilte um Naom
 páḡraiz. b'eaḡḡaḡ an coinne do bí eaḡorḡa. Bí
 ionḡnaḡ ar páḡraiz ir ar a muinntir ar feicirint méio
 ir tréine ir calmaḡḡa na ḡcunao úo. b'é an rean-
 faoḡal aḡur an faoḡal nuaḡ 1 noáil a céile, aḡur b'í
 an oáil ḡneaḡḡa, ḡaoin, ḡeanaraḡ í. Bí ronn ar páḡraiz
 éacḡa na b'fiann do ḡloirint, aḡḡ tar éir tamailḡ tá
 aḡḡar aige ḡur roḡair dá oiaḡaḡḡ é, aḡur táinḡ dá
 ainḡil fóir-ḡoimḡaḡḡa páḡraiz ḡum an aḡḡar rain do
 bain de, aḡur oub'raoḡar leir rḡéala na ḡcunao do ḡur
 ríor "1 támlorḡaib fileo, ocur 1 mbriaḡraib ollamian,
 óir buo ḡairioiḡaḡ do ḡronḡaib ocur do deḡ oainib
 veiruo aimḡre eirḡecht firḡna rḡélaib rin."

Tar éir an uirlabha rain riublaio páḡraiz aḡur
 Caoilte timḡeall na hÉireann, aḡur ní'l ráḡ ná cnoc
 ná tulac naḡ móir ná fuil eaḡḡra air ó beál ḡaoilte.
 Tar éir a ocunar céirio ḡo Teamair mar a b'fuil Oirín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisín and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisín and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in "the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime."

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

pompa, iṛ maṛi a bṛuil fleadó Teamṛaó aṛi riubal, aṣur aitéiriṛo Caoilte iṛ Oirín o'feapaib Éiríeann gníomairta na bṼfiann, aṣur beiriṛo riri Éiríeann leo na rṣeálta raiṛ, iari rṣarítaó oóib, ṣo cúig áiríob na hÉiríeann. Ó ṣoin amac níori teir rṣeál Fionnuigheácta aṛi rṣeáluríe maṛ, iṛ ní maib baile i nÉiriṛinn nári aitéiriṛeáó ann aṛi innir na curaióe aṛi an látair riri. Iṛ oóig linn féin ṣur b'é beannaóct Páoraiṣ aṛi rṣeáltaib Éaoilte iṛ Oirín oo túṣ an oiríeao raiṛ fóṣaríta oirta aṛi fuair na tíre; aṛ riri amac níori ṣabaoó oor na Ciriórtuirióib eagla beir oirta i otaob na rṣeál ro na bṼṣagánaó o'aitéiriṛ.

'San úiri-rṣeál aṛi a nṣairimtear "Agallam na rean-ómaó," aṛi aṛi túṣamari cúnnar túar, iṛ iomóa rṣeál ṣriṛinn, iṛ iomóa foillriúṣaó aoibinn, iṛ iomóa rean-cuimne aṛi éáctaib na bṼfiann, aṣur aṛi nóraiṛ na rean-aimriṛe atá le rṣṣbáil; aṣur iṛ breáṣ, milir, aoibinn an éaint atá ann fór. Ba oóig leat ṣo maib meabair iṛ cuimne aṣ ṣaó ṣleann rṣléibe, iṛ teangṣ aṣ ṣaó rriotáṛ, aṣur fór eolar i ṣcirióe-lári ṣaó rean-foṣraiṣ, iṛ ṣo ṣcuiṛio riao a ṣcuiṛo reancair i n-uṛail oo Éaoilte, iṛ ṣo n-airṣriṣeann eiríeao ṣo teangain oaonna é, i oiríeo ṣo oiríṣreáó Páoraiṣ é.

Tá rṣeál Fionnuigheácta eile aṛi a bṛuil léiri-aítne aṣ a lán; riri é "Tóriṣiṣeáóct Óiariṛmaoa aṣur Ṣriáinne," i n-a bṼoillriṣṣtear oúinn éao, iṛ reariṣ, iṛ cruao-éirióeáóct firiṛ. Cioó ṣur móri-cuiraó Fionn, ní maib Ṣriáinne rárta le é beir aici maṛi céile, aṣur oo oóig riri Óiariṛmao Ba Ouiríne i n-a ionao. Tarí éir a lán oo ṣeair-caṣuigéib, tá Óiariṛmao aṣ rṣṣbáil báir aṛi óriṛim

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisín is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisín recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisín that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Deanna Sulbain, agus o'féarfaó Fionn é do fáoraó ó'n mbár dá mb'áil leir deoó uirge do éabairt cuige. Tá Oirgar ag áéairt ari an deoó do éabairt uairó, áct ní'l maiítear 'n-a glóir. Fá úeirfeao tógann ré uirge ioir a dá láimh, áct tuiteann an t-uirge o'aon-am uairó. Déanann ré an cleaí céauna arií, agus an tleat uairi ari teáct fá úéin an o'airi oó, "irgar an t-anam re colainn Úairimada."

Tar éir báir Úairimada, meallann Fionn Shíáinne, ir fanann ri aige go bár.

—————:O:—————

an cúigeao halt.

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TRI TRUAIGE NA SGÉALUIGEACTA.

Tá an veirpíreáct ro ioir an liruigeáct p'póir atá agann ór na ciantaib ir an liruigeáct do cumao tim-
ceall aimpíre doóa Uí Néill, gur minic a bíonn p'pór aimpíre Uí Néill oubaó, b'pónaó, uoilb, agus úrínóir do p'pór na sean-uígar lán o'áat ir o'aitear. Do cumao an p'pór rain i n-aimpíri na laoó ari ná p'p'ib eagla ná uamain, ir do cuir p'p'p'ia éácta ionganataá ir g'p'p'p'ia laoóair do úéanam, agus do p'p'nn na g'p'p'p'ia ari le meirneac ir le meanmain. Suiróir áro-p'p'p'ie cum feirp'ir ir féarata ir bainnipe i hallaib'ib maifeamla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, "the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body."

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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CHAPTER V.

THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíto na báirto aς cantain le rgléir ip le ríir-binnear,
aςur líontar cpoirde na n-uairle, roir fear ip bean,
le hátar le neart milreacra a sceoil. Gluairto gair-
griúis vápača ar riuhal fá gearraib cum rmacr vo cup
ar atac mío-náiraeac éigin, nó cum bean uaral vo
réirdeac ó váor-bhuir. Tá réan ip ronar ar an oirir
ar far. Tá ruaim átar riu i oirrearaib coimeargar
ip i sceoao na lann inr na laetib reo.

Ácť anoir ír arís, i mbeaťaró na nġairġiđeac őr, bionn eacťa cřuairġmėleacđ nuair cřuireann ořioćmaĩtear ír řearġ ír řioćmaĩreacť řioġ oonar ír tubairť ar cřuairđib; ír ní ġan ġir-řġealťaib cřuairġmėleacđ acđ an aimřeari řeo—řġealťa cřairġiđeacťa řuinte ġo oearřena, aġur řlacťuiġťe ġo ľioĩťa. Tairó na řġealťa řo aġainn i nuađ-eaġar, acť ní řeoiri ġan řuan na řean-aimřire oo moťuġađ inř na nórailb, na řmuairťib, ír na oúilib cřoirđe ír řiu inř na řocľailb řeĩn, ġo mór- mór inř na ľaoirđib beaġa acđ annřo ír annřúo řġairiġťe cřiu ġacđ ġir-řġeal. Třacťaró cari aimřiri i ná řailb eolar ar ľaoirđib ľairone, ná ar cęol na heaġľairę, aġur i n-a řailb oėĩťe ođ nřeanaĩ oo ľaoćailb oirđearica. Tairó na ġir-řġealťa řo, amac, ľan oo cřaire ír oo cřuairġmėil, ír oo řár-ćnearťacť, i ořreo ná řuil a řárũađ ľe řaġbail i mearġ ľicřĩġeacťa na heoirpa oo'n aimřiri cęaona. Ír ľao řo na řġealťa cřuairġe ar ír řeairi acđ aĩťne, "Oirđeacđ Cloinne ľir," "Oirđeacđ Cloinne ġirnoġ," ír "Oirđeacđ Cloinne Tuiręann."

Thála "Oiríó Cloinne Lín," ní dóig linn go

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos,—tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has

mbuaiðeað þuam ari ar truaiðgmél náðuríða ír ar íom-
 áigeaðt neam-ðuibearaið. Þí ceatþar leand þó-mair-
 eamail ađ lír—tríur mac ađur inđean, ađur ír í an
 inđean labþar oo'n ðuro eile í þit an ígél. Ír gérar
 go þruaiþ mátaþi na leand þo báþ, ađur þur þór lír a
 veaþþíur ðoife. Þuaatann ðoife Clann lír le þuat
 leaþ-mátar, ađur tagann toðt buile ađur éaða 'n-a
 oþoð-ðroioðe 'nuaiþ þraatann þí go oþugann a þear þearic
 a ðléib oóib, ađur ná cuþeann ré íþéir ná þuim innre
 þéin. Þí þonn uirte iao oo ður ðum báþ, aðt níor
 þ'féioþi ðoinne o'faððáil ðum an gnióm þin oo óéanaiþ.
 Le neaþ a éaða oo gérarþað þí þnáið a þaoðail le n-a
 láim þéin, aðt go moþuiđeann þí laiðe a tola ír taiþe
 mnáimail. Ari an guma þo ír coþmáil le mnaoi mlic
 þeit í, gáðar a leat-ígeal þéin náþ buail þí buile
 millte ar ðuncan mar géal ar an gcoþmaileaðt oo
 þí aige le n-a haðar 'n-a ðoolað. Ní'l í mbaot-ðlóþ
 mná mlic þeit, ađur í n-a móþ-þtoirþm o'þoclaib ađ
 gþioþuðað a þþi ðum gniómariða, aðt iariþaðt ar a
 laiðe þéin oo ðeilt.

Adt níor taiþe o'ðoife. Lá áirte ður þí na leinð
 ađ þnám ar loð Þairþneað, ađur 'nuaiþ bíoðar 'ran
 uirge o'airþrið þí 'n-a n-ealaiððib iao le neaþ oþaoið-
 eaðta. Annþain iariþaro na healaiðte oaðonna þo ar a
 leaþ-mátar þríoðmair íþár oo ður le n-a gþuairð-ðár
 ađur oo ður —

“Nó go gcoþþiaðarð an þean í noear ađur an þear
 í oþuairð nó go þaðtaoi trí éað bliaðan

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united until you shall .

ar loc Dairbheac, agus trí céad bliadan ar Spuic na Maoidle, roimí Éirinn agus Albain, agus trí céad bliadan i nIorpar Doimnainn agus i nInir Gluaise Dhéanain.”

Atá áit éigin le faigháil ar doirse. Ní éig léi anoir toirad a miorcaire do tógáil díob, áit luigeaduigeann sí a gcuid anróis com mór agus í féidir léi. Fágann sí aca a meabairt daonna féin, agus a n-úrlabha Gaeilge féin, agus neart ceol do feinm com binn, com mílir rin ná féadfaid rluaisgte feargaca, námaireamla coóla do féanao dá fáil-éirteacht.

Ir ró-geárrí gur mothuigeaó amuis na páirtíde, agus v'aitin lip 'n-a aigheao féin gur minneaó léir-rghior oirca, agus éuaio ré gan rtao go bhuacair loca Dairbheac; agus inniuro na healaíde daonna rain do gur b'iaa a cuio cloinne féin iao, agus ná fuil ré 'n-a gcumar an oirca daonna do glacaó ariir. Ir í fionn-guala an ingean a labhar:—

“Ní fuil cumar againn caob do tadbairt me aon ouine fearoa, áit atá ar n-úrlabha Gaeilge féin againn, agus atá 'n-ar gcumar ceol fíri-éactac do éantain, agus ir leor do'n éineao daonna uile do fáram beit eirteacht leir an gceol rain; agus anaió againn anoct, agus canfam ceol daoió.”

Ní fuiláir do'n ceol ro beit mílir, rogaó, do cuir ruan ar acair buairdearta, éraíote, ir é ag féacaint ar beo-milleao a ceatpar leanb ór comar a fúl, agus ir veap an cunntar 'ran úir-rgeal ro ruan an acair go maiuin le caoió an fuar-loca úo. Níor b'fava ó'n lá rain go

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Eriu and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Domnann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race ; and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

οτάνις οίοζαλταρ κόρι αρι Δοιρε, μαρι ο'αιρτινζ βοοδ
 Θεαρις le οριαοιόεατ ι ζο veamán αειρι.

Αγυρ ανοιρ τορμυζεανν παοζαλ νοιλβ, βριόνατ na n-éan
 po. Βα όονα an τρεο βί οριτα αρι loc Όαιριβρεατ, ατ
 ανηραιν νο ετις leo α ζαίριρε ο'αζαλλαμ, αγυρ ceol νο
 feinm νο cυιριρεατ ρλυαίγτε cum ρυαιν. Ατ βί α ρέ
 cαιττε, αγυρ νο β'έιγεαν νοίβ ουλ cum αοιζεαττα αρι
 Sruic na Maoile. Β'έαττατ é an ανηό αγυρ an cρυαό-
 tan ο'fulainγεαοαρι ό ριoc, ό βάιριτις, ιρ ό ζαιριβ-ριον,
 αγυρ ιρ βρεαζ α ροιλλιριζτεαρι é 'ran úir-riζéal.

“Cιό τριά ατ τάνις μεαδον οιοόε cύcα, αγυρ νο cυιριν
 an ζαοτ ρέ, αγυρ νο μέαουιζεαοαρι na τονna α οτρεατan
 αγυρ α οτοριμάν, αγυρ νο lonnriaiζ teine ζealáin, αγυρ
 τάνις riζuabaó ζαριβ-ανραιό αρι ραο na ραιριριζε, ionnari
 ζυι riζariαααρι Clanna Liri le céile αρι ρεαό na móri-
 mairia, αγυρ τυζαό ρεαcριán an cυαιν cριρ-leaτain ορια,
 ζο naτ ρεαοαιρι neac οίοβ cia ρλιζε, nó cia conaιρι a
 nveacaió an cυιo eile.”

Sul αρι ράζαοαρι Sruic na Maoile νο ρυαριαοαρι ραόαριc
 eile αρι α ζααριαιo, αγυρ ιρ éαττατ an riζéal ná τάνις
 αορ ná báρ αρι Liri ná αρι α cόmplaτ le céaοταιβ
 bliaðan. Inri an ραοζαλ po ι n-a μαιριo, τά οριαοιόεατ
 αρι ζαc νιό, ιρ ní εαζανν αορ ná veacaiρι ná ζαλαρι αρι cριρ
 ná αρι όαοιριβ. Mí'l 'ran τραιοζαλ po αρι ραο ατ ρίορι-όιζε,
 ιρ μαιρι, ιρ úir-βρεαζτατ.

1ari βράζβαίλ Sruic na Maoile όοίβ νο τυζαοαρι a
 n-aζαιό αρι loρriar Όοιnnaiνn, αγυρ ιρ ανηpo νο cαρ'αό
 οριτα όις-φeαρι νο cυιρι ρίορι cunnταρ a n-έατ, αγυρ léri
 ρό-cαιττις mιλρεατ a ηζοτα, αγυρ ιρ τυζτα ρά veapa

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

sur annrain gluaireann uirnaighe an céad uair ó
béal fionngualan, agus go n-iarann sí ar a veap-
briátraib géillead do'n t-aon Dia. Tar éir a uiréimre
beir caithe annrain fillio cum Síe fionnacáir, mar
ar briatavair go mbead

“Lir go n-a teaḡlac, agus a muinntear uile,” aet
“ir amlair fuaravair an baile fár folam ar a gcionn,
san aet maol-ráca ḡlara agus uoiréada neannta ann,
san tigh, san teine, san tpeib.”

Fá uiréad teaḡmuighe leir na Crioirtuóirib, agus
fillio ar a gcruic vaonna ariir. Aet do cuir na bliadanta
oirca, agus ir cionna, foirbhe, fann na rean-vaoina iao
anoiir. Vairtear iao, agus tuicir i ráim-cóolaó an báir.

Ir uóig linn-ne ná fuil rḡéal le faḡbáil i mē na
licuigeacra ḡaeoilge com héacraó, com hionḡantaó le
“hOiréad Cloinne Lir.” Triacann ré ar léir-briéad
na nóir nēireannac do táinig le teaet na Crioirt-
uóeacra. Cuireann ré i n-uimail uúinn náir éirighe an
Crioirtuóeacra 'n-ar uirir mar fár na haon-oirche, aet
sur mall-céimeac, neam-tavair do focruig sí 'n-ar
meaig. Ir é cialluigeann an fárac do fuaravair na
héin iompa ar a bfilléad cum baile ná meac na nóir
bráḡanáó ir oiairéacra, agus an veirir mōir do bí uoir
an Sean-faoḡal agus an Saoḡal Nuad i nēirinn. Ir é
cialluigeann an uúil do bí ag na héanaib vaonna ro
géillead do Crioirtuóeacra ná ullmaet náuúirca na
uúirche cum an cpeiréam ceair do ḡlacáó, ir an
buaivair féin do táinig oirca ná na héacra náuúirca

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fionnachadh, where they expected to find

“Lir with his household and all his people,” but “they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode.”

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of “The Fate of the Children of Lir.” It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

do éirí na daoine i dtíre an nuair-éagairg do glacadó. I dtíre an rgeál fágmaoio maóair ar éirínn na n-aoi, le n-a cuio aoir i' aoirí, le n-a cuio crioácta i' meanman. I' fíor-íaríar atá ó' comair ar fúl, áct bhuir na oio-élaonta amaó ann, i' dá óruim rin óéintear dearg-fárac do'n íaríar íain. Ní íanann ann áct bhoí i' buairdear i' uaignear, agus i' mearg uaigní i' buairdear na óúitce ariúgtear ceol na Crioitíreácta com cuínn, com mílir le gúc na cuáice ar breacaó an t-íaríar. Ar óúir ní puinn do gúille-tear do'n ceol íain, áct i' gcionn tamail óúirígio cluis na heagluir an macalla ó gleann i' comair ar íuair na tíre ar íao.

B'féoir, leir, go bfuil cormaileáct éigin 'ran rgeál ro leir an rglabuígeáct o'fulaingear ceirre cúigíre na hÉireann fá óair-ímaó na nGall, nuair náí fágáó íuaine dá mbeaó náíiúnta aca, áct a oteanga óúitcear féin agus a gceol ró-mílir.

Tíreáct óomínn, óoilb, íuilear i' ead Oíreáó Cloinne Uirí, fíuáct ar feall neam-íruaigmeíleáct. Atá ann cáilíre na n-úir-rgeál, cuó go bfuil ré leaúitce i' b'íunne an t-íreáir, agus go bfuil car-neam agusínn ó' na íaríar ar a lán oir na oainíb do éagmúigear ann linn, agus fíor baíneann ré go olúit le beirte úir-rgeál ró-íerómeamail eile.

Do bí Concubair, Rí Ulaó, ag caiteam íleir i' oir a íeancáir, agus do íuáó iníean do'n t-íreáir. Aoirí Caóba, an oíar, i' oíreáiréáct, go oíreáir

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

míó-ás ír milleað ar Cúigeað Ulað ar fao, agus tugann
fé Déiríope mar ainm uirthé. Órúigítear í vo cóngháil
rá leir i nualtaðar, agus ar moctain doire mná ói,
labhrann sí go mínað ar an maire vob'áil léi beir ar an
bfeair vo pórraó sí. Deirtear léi go bfuil a leiréir
rin v'óis-íear i gcúirt an míos. Teagmaro le céile,
agus éalúigir araon go hálbain, agus téir beirt
dearbhrácar nadoire le n-a cóir. Tagann míó-fuaim-
near ar an míg, i nviar na mná mairéamla, agus
larann a éiríde cum víogaltar vo baint ar na
cupaóid. Aót cia bainfeair an víogaltar rain víob?
Ní hé Cú Cúlainn ná Conall Ceáinaó, aót atá at
éigin le fágáil ar ffeairgur Mac Róis, agus cuirtear
go hálbain é vó n-iarríaró.

Tornuigeann truaigméil an rgeíl i gceairt nuair vo
ghíorann an t-ás nadoire tré neair tír-ghráda cum
gluairéat a baile, ír gan coraó vo beir aige ar
atcáir ná ar bagairt Déiríope. Cuir nadoire ionntaoid
i bfeairgur, agus vo meallaó é. Ní vóis go bfuil i
litrígeat don rtaí ír bhónaige agus ír voilbe ná
beo-cuimne Déiríope as fágáil na hálban vó:—

“Mo éion vuit a tír úo íoir, agus ír mó-olc liom tú
v'fágáil, óir ír doibinn vo éuain agus vo éalaó-puirt
agus vo mága míon-ríotaca, caom-áilne, agus vo éulca
taiteamaca, taob-uaine, agus ír beas vo léigear
a leir tú v'fágáil.”

Agus annrain leanann laoiró beo-éaoirte, vobhónaó,
uaigneac. Ní léir-éairngaireat labhar Déiríope, aót

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba:—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

ir geall le tarngaireaċt oċo-āmhār a cġoġe:—

“Do ċiġim néal ’ġan aer āġur ir néal ŋola é, āġur
 oo béarġainn comairle māit ōaoib-ŋe, a Ċloinn Uirniġ,”
 ar ġi, “oul ŋo ōūn Deaġan, mar ā ħruil Cú Ċulainn,
 nó ŋo ŋcaitġ ŋearġur an ŋleaġ, āġur beit ar comairle
 Ċon Ċulainn, ar eaġla ceitġe Ċonċubair.”

Āċt ní tugaġ ŋéilleaġ ōi, āmair oo ċuir luċt na
 Tŋae neam-ŋuim i ġiāitġib Ċaranoŋa.

“Ō naċ ħruil eaġla oġainn, ní ōéanġaimġo an com-
 airle ġin,” ar Naoirŋe.

Āċt tġrġeann a oġoċ-āmhār i léirŋe āġur i nŋéine:—

“ā Ċloinn Uirniġ, ātā comairle āġam-ŋa ōaoib-ŋe,
 mā tā Conċubair ar tġ ŋeille oo ōéanaġ oġairġb.”

Āġur taġann an comairle ġin ċum ċinn, āġur ōeir ġi,
 “Ōo ħ’ŋeārrġ mo comairle-ŋe oo ōéanaġ ŋā ŋan teāċt
 ŋo ħ-Ċirinn.”

’Sé bun na tŋairġiġeāċta an neam-ŋuim oo ċuirt
 Clann Uirniġ i n-āċċairġib ōéirŋe. āġur anoir tā
 ŋiao ŋŋeamuġġte i ōTġ na Ċŋaoibŋe Ruairġe, āġur toŋ-
 nuġeann an t-ār. Ní ŋéirġi Naoirŋe ŋéin oo ŋāŋuġāġ
 ar ċŋoġāċt:—

“āġur nó ŋo n-āirŋeāġġar ŋainġm mara, nó ōuille
 ŋeāġā, nó ōŋúċt ŋor ŋéar, nó ŋéalta neimŋe, ní ŋéirġi
 ġiŋm ná āirŋeāġm a ŋairġ oo ċeannaib ċuŋāġ āġur ċait-
 mġleaġ āġur oo mġeāġāġib māola-ŋearġa ō lāmairġ
 Naoirŋe ar an lātairġ ġin.”

Āċt ní ŋārta ’n-a ħ-āirŋeāġ ħi ōéirŋe:—

“Ōar mo lām, ir buāġāċ an tuŋar ġin oo ġuġneāġ
 lib, āġur ir oġc an comairle oo ġuġneāġdar taġāġ le
 Conċubair ŋo ħŋāċt.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Ánoir léimio tar na ballairiúib, i' beirio Déiríope leo, agus beirí' raoi ar Concubair go b'ia't muna mbea'd gur éir an oraoi, as géillea'd oo'n níg, cor' le n-a gcroa'dt. Tuicir Clann Uirniú, agus éagann Déiríope ar uai' Naoire. Malla'ctui'geann an oraoi Eamain, agus tarngairéann ré ná beir' rlio'ct Concubair go b'ia't i' Ríoga'ct Ula'd.

'San úir-r'géal ro i' léir gur b'é oibriu'ga'd an áig éinnite clo'c-bun na trairi'ua'cta. Tugtar iarrua'ct ar an t-áig rair oo réana'd, agus Déiríope dá b'gairt gan rairéam ar Naoire, i' dá d'aimniu'ga'd, áct ní géilleann Naoire dá glóir. Fíor-fáir oo b'ea'd ar uairi'b an oraoi, áct coim'liann ré réin mórian dá tairngairéa'ct, agus i' deallraim'ac ná rair' ríor aige go mill'ea'd an Rí Clann Uirniú 'nuair oo bain ré le oraoi'ua'ct a gcumar oíob. Áct tar éir a n-éaga, rilleann an tarngairéa'ct air' air. I' éa'cta' é cum'a'ct an oraoi 'ran r'géal ro, a neart tarngairéa'cta agus cumar móir-éiríua'd oo lea'ga'd; áct oíob cum'a'cta' é an oraoi, ní'l ré 'n-a cumar, an t-áig oo éiréann ré go roir'a as tea'ct, oo fáriu'ga'd.

Ní'l r'lige agairn cum craob-r'ga'ilea'd oo d'eanam ar "Oíua'd Cloinne Tuiréann," áct i' í an ionnta'oir oo bí aca ar an níg oo d'all an c'iríua'd aca, i' oo éir ar a gcumar an t-áig oo bí mómpa oo réana'd.

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance; great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

an séiseaó halt.

na hannála.

Do rghíobad a lán do phór álainn 'ran reachtmaó haoir véas, go móir-móir 'n-a torac. Cioó go bfuil "Annála Ríogaéta Éireann" 'n-a gcroinic ar an nouéaig ar fad, ó céad-ghabáil na tíre, ir iomóa rgeal gheannmair, ir iomóa cuairiug caéa ir cunnatar ar earbog, ir ar rcoláire le raghbáil ionnta, go móir-móir 'ran gcuro ir véiréanaiže vóob. Ir ríori gur cógaó an cúro ir mó vor na hannálaió ó jean-leabraió ná fuil aghainn anoir, aghur gur lean na huórai jean-éaint na leabai ro, ir gur rghíobadai réin i gcaint aóbéireac, árra, neam-éoiréiann, ná cuirgíre anoir gan ouaó, acé 'n-a óiaó rin, ir minic a rghíobann ríao le bríg ir fuinneam ar éogaíóib ir ar éreacáió, ir ar an-bhuio na h-Éireann. Ir vóig ná fuil ag aon érioc 'ran voóman an oiréao rain reancáir ir rceal ir beaéao naom ir flait, an oiréao rain tríaéta tar gac ar gáib an tír, ir ar gac ragar neite bí le raghbáil ann—ar a huóraióib ir ar a laocraió, curéa i noiaó a céile ó'n vtorac, bliadóin i noiaó bliadóna ir acá le raghbáil inr na hannálaió reo, ó teaét Cáeraii vó fíció lá poim an vóile go vóí an bliadóin 1616, v'aoir ériort.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland" are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty; nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

17 i n'Dún na nGall do cuirtear le céile an móir-obair
 reo, i gConbeint na mBriátaí, “do cáit corraí bíd aghur
 rriochtáilme” leir na huíogairí, aghur 17 ann do críoch-
 nuigeaó na hAnnála, ‘ran mbliadain 1636. Aveir
 Mícheál Ua Cléirigh féin gur b’eaó an dara lá fícto do
 mí Ianuairí, Anno Domini, 1632, do tionntrighaó an
 leabair ro i gConbeint Uthúin na nGall, aghur “do
 críochnaighaóh 17in gconbeint céona an veachmaóh
 lá o’Augur, 1636.” Soirtear ar an obair reo go minic,
 “Annála na Ceitíe Maighirí.” 17 iao rain Mícheál
 Ua Cléirigh, Conaire Ua Cléirigh, Cucuigheac Ua Cléirigh,
 17 Fearfeara Ua Maolconaire. Briátaí o’Óro Naomh
 Francéir do b’eaó Mícheál, aghur do b’é ainm do
 ghaótaríde air ná Taógh an tSléibe. Do rugaó é
 ‘ran mbliadain 1575, le hair Béal Áta an Sionnan, i
 gContae Dún na nGall. Bí ré mar úúctar aige beir ‘n-a
 éroiníde, 17 ní raib éroiníde maí i nÉirinn do cuir
 níor mó le céile oá reanóar 17 do beaóar a naomh ‘ná
 an briátaí boct ro, mar 17 é do rghíob na leabair reo
 leanar:—“An Réim Ríoghaíde aghur Naomh Seanóara
 na hÉireann” (1630), “An Leabair Gabála” (1631),
 17 ‘n-a oteannta rain do rghíob ré ranaíán nuaó i
 n-ar míniú ré móráin do éruaó-foclaib na rean-úghar.
 Aveir harhur go bfuair ré báí ‘ran mbliadain 1643.
 Bí caint mícíl féin rimplíde, veap, mar foillrígtear
 ‘ran ream-focal do cuir ré i otopac na n-Annálaó
 o’feairgal Ua Gabála.

Bí Cucuigheac Ua Cléirigh, uaine eile vor na Maighir-
 tíríde, ‘n-a céann ar an tíre do muinntir Cléirigh

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books:— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" 1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Ferghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

oo bí i nTíri Conaill. Do rghíob ré, i nteannta na
 n-Annálaí, “Beata Aoða Ruairí Uí Dómnai,” agus í
 ar an leabhar sin a tógtaí a lán do’n cúro d’eirdeannais
 uor na n-Annálaib. Obair álainn, fuinneamail í ead
 “Beata Aoða Ruairí.” Ní’l ré ar moó na n-Annálaí,
 aót curta le céile le b’iú í le taca ó cúir go
 veiréad. Ní húr-réál, leir, é, aót réál fuinnle le
 ceartaí, réál áir í r’ola í caúigíte, réál írligíte
 na h’eirdeann, í a curta i n-anbhuir. Tá caint an
 leabair reo áir’a go leor, agus a lán rean-focal í
 iáiríte le r’áibáil ann ná cuigraó anoir aót amáin luót
 léiginn. Tá an caint, leir, carra go leor, agus móráin
 oi do-cuigrae. Aíró na ianna r’ó-fara, agus an iomaó
 buaó-focal i n’oirí a céile ionnta, aót ’n-a óirí
 rin í r’áirdeamail, bunaóaraó aót an caint ann, agus
 anníó í anníró aót r’i ar laraó le ceir-aighead na
 b’ráir í na b’ilead.

Ás reo an tuairig a’ugann an t-ugraí ro ar ógaó
 Earra Ruairí —

“Do beartaí íarom an uchbhuinne r’or an r’ligé na
 gairbhannaim nainmenicir 7 no baor oo éirí 7 oo
 t’iennear h’i r’ruch na reanabann (amail no ba bér
 oi), 7 dainéatarghaid na r’uim leice r’uifléimne
 marí conairí coitcinn oo r’romplog 7 oan r’enerite 7 oo
 aólaige na ngall ceirbairí airbearta bíe gur no baróit
 ile oia r’reairí oia mnáir oia neachair agus oia
 ccairlí, go r’ucc t’reac an t’r’iotha i r’uóimain Earra
 Ruairí iact, 7 aríóe r’ar gur an mair móir.”

Besides the Annals, he wrote a "Life of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell" and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. "The Life of Hugh Ruadh" is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assaroe:—

"They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assaroe and thence westward to the ocean."*

* The text of extract from "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" is taken from Father Murphy's edition.

B'é Dubaltaic Mac Fíribíriú an ríoláir ba d'einneannaige do cúir geinealaic na tseab nÉirneannaic i n-easari le ríor-foğluim. Do iugaó é i Leacan Míic Fíribíriú i gConnrae Sligiú, timceall na bliáda 1585. Bí a ínnearaí poime 'n-a gceoinicrib, agus .ir le ceann aca do ríriobad .ir do cuiread le céile "Leabair Lecain" agus "Leabair buíde Lecain." Do hoilead Dubaltaic 'ran Mumain fá Muinntirí doóagáin, agus fá Muinntirí Daoirían, agus do éad ré úmóir dá fíogail fáda as cur le céile gac ar ían an t-ráic ían do geinealaic na hÉirneann. Ó'n mbliáda 1645 go 1650, bí ré 'ran Fáillín, i gColáirte S. Niocol, as cur le céile a móir-obair, "Craoba Coibneara agus Genelúig Fáca Fábála dáí gáib Éirne ó'n Amra go hAdáin." 'San Fáillín do bí carraeán aige ar Ruirí Ua Flataircais agus ar uígar "Cambrensis Eversus," agus .ir móir an congnaí do éas ré uóib aráon. 'N-a óiaí ían do bí ré ar tuairgéal as Síir íamer Uair, as airtíuugaó agus as léir-míniuugaó na íean-uígarí nEadéalaic go háir Uair, 'ran mbliáda 1666. Do marbad Dubaltaic 'n-a íeantúine 'ran mbliáda 1670, i gConnrae Sligiú, .ir níor éirgí a leicéir do ríoláir i nÉirinn ó íoin go haírtirí Eógaín Ua Comraíde.

Dála móir-oiríe Dubaltais ar geinealaic na hÉirneann, .ir íu an t-ainm do cúir ré uirte do ríriobad go íiom-lán, óirí foillíreann ré úúinn bun na íoiríe ían, mar do éap aignead Dubaltais é. As íeo an t-ainm;—

Dudley Mac Firbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it:—

“Craoba coibneara agus zeuga geneluis gada gabála
 vár gab éiríe ó'n amra go hAdam (acé Fomoriais, loé-
 lannais, agus Saxgail amám, lámam ó tanḡarar vár
 tír) go naoimfeanchar agus méim míoḡmarde foḡla fór
 agus fá deóis clár na cuimrighcear iad nuro aibḡorie
 na rlointe agus na háite oirdearica luaiter iir
 leabairra vo teaghlomaó leir an Dubaltaó Mac Fírbirig
 leacain. 1650.”

Tar éirí éaga an Dubaltais, ní maib fear i nÉirinn
 ag a maib eolair cinnte ar fean-oligtib na hÉiréann,
 nó ag a maib neart focail vorca na fean-ugor vo
 craobirgaoileao. Ba móir an méala é gan amra, agus
 i náríeac an rgeal le n-aiteir ná taghann Siir lamer
 Uare maí vó ainm, cióó gur iomra fean-rghibinn
 vorca v'airtirig ré ar ḡaeóilg vó, i r gur móir an
 congiam vo eus ré vó cum a leabair vo eir le céile
 i r vo ceairtugao. Filleann an feanchar ar féin. Fear
 eile mar an Dubaltaó vo b'eoó Eogan Ua Coraíde. Ní
 maib fear eile i nÉirinn ag a maib an oiréao rain
 eolair ar fean-litrigéacé na hÉiréann i r ar a fean-
 oligtib. I r iomra lá vo cair ré ag rghúaoó leabair
 car-vorica na voligce; vo fuir ré an vaoó, i r fuair
 vaoime eile an clú.

Atá oéé nó naoi n-oiréaca eile, bunaóaraó nó aite-
 rghioéca ó lám an Dubaltais, Sanarain, 7c. Níl i
 leabhair an Dubaltais mórian vo pór brioḡmar, acé
 ta an oiréao rain léiginn ionnta naó ceair iao vo
 dearmao ná vo léigean i bpaillige.

“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far so they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O'Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis's hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley's books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

an seachtmao h a l t.

seachtúin céitinn.

Ní'l aon uḡḡar do ḡinne an oirḡeo le Céitinn cūm léiḡeann iḡ liciḡḡeaḡt do cōḡḡbáil beo i mearḡ na noaoineao, ḡo mói-móir oaoine leaḡa mōḡa. Níoi b'eaḡ ḡui iḡriob Seachtúin reanḡar mó-beaḡt, mó-cinnḡe, aḡt ḡui cūi ré le céile i n-aon bolḡ amáin na tuaiḡḡḡiḡe do bí le faḡbáil aḡ éiḡinn inḡ na rean-leabḡiaib. Ní iaiḡ tuaiḡḡḡ eile le faḡbáil cōm oear, cōm fuinnḡe iḡ do leaḡ ré aḡ fuair na tíḡe. Ní iaiḡ aoinne 'n-a iḡoláirḡe foḡanta ná iaiḡ eolar aḡḡe aḡ iḡáir Céitinn, iḡ ní iaiḡ cḡiōcnuḡao oéanta aḡ iḡoláirḡe i iḡoil ḡo mbeao macraḡaḡail oéanta aḡḡe do'n "bfoiḡar feara." I mearḡ na oḡuaḡaḡ iḡmpliḡe ní leomḡao aoinne amḡar do cūi aḡ an ḡcunntar ḡḡḡann Céitinn aḡ ḡabáil na h'éirḡeann le papiḡolan, iḡ leiḡ an ḡcuiḡ eile do'n cḡriḡb iḡn caḡleaiḡ. Ní leomḡao aoinne réanaḡo ḡui cḡéimeao ḡaeḡeal ḡlar le naḡar nime, iḡ ḡui cḡearḡiḡ Maoiḡ a cḡeao 'ran éiḡipt le fearḡaib oé. Oíoiḡar na oaoine iḡalbḡiḡḡe o'fíiḡinne na iḡḡeal iaiḡ, iḡ bí a n-ur-i-móir 'n-a mbéal aca, iḡ ní iaiḡ oán ná laoiḡ ḡan caḡaiḡt éiḡin ooiḡ na mói-ḡaiḡḡiḡiḡ aḡ aḡ éḡaḡt Céitinn. Iḡ oóḡ linn muna mbeao ḡui iḡḡiḡoḡao an "foiḡar feara" ná beao cūinne na rean-aḡmḡiḡe, ná aḡnmeaḡa na rean-flaiḡ, ná éaḡta na leomān leaḡ cōm

CHAPTER VII.

GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

adairò i n-aigheas na nuaimeas i r bíodair leir-céas bliasán ó foim.

I r fíor, go veimín, go paid na neite reo i leabhairb eile ar ar tós Seatrún ias, aet ní'l ur-mórí uor na leabhairb reo le faibáil i noiu. Do cáilleamar ias, i r tá an "Fomur Feara" 'n-ar mear, gan focal, gan liri a g ceartaibáil uair. Tamall ó foim i r ar éigin do bí uine uaral i gCúigeas Muman ná paid a macraimail do'n "Fomur Feara" go ceanaimail i gcomhéas aige. Bí ré a g na uaimib bocta com maic leir na huairib. I r cuimín linn féin figeadóir boct do mair i nlaicair Ciarraróe, náir mór i uceannta uótain na hoiróe do bí 'n-a feilb, do cairbeáin uom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanaimail, carra i linn-éasac, i r gan uul a g páirte bheic air, ná uioibáil ar bit do uéanam uó. Ba gcall le leabair naomta é ar a mear, i r níor uíomaoim do bí an leabair rain, mar i r blarta cruinn do bí tuairi g ar gac leatanae de i gceann an figeadóira, a g ur ba ueacair áiteam air go paid focal aet fírinne 'ran méro do r gíob Céitinn ar Fenniu r Fearrao, ar Parcolan, i r an cuio eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i mear uoimeas náir léig, i r ná feacair muam a cuio raotair. I r uóig leir a lán go paid uiaiuóeac éigin ar an nuine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunnar ar rean do tabairt uíinn. Ní mór an t-iongnao gur éire na uoime náir uine uonna Seatrún. Do tneib gailloa do b'eas é, aet 'n-a uiair rin bí ré uoir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiliceac ó éiríoe amac

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Sagart, Doctúir Diaðacta vo b'eað é. Fearí léigeannta i laoiu i r i leabhair na n-Aitneac vo b'eað é, i r cait ré a lán dá faogal 'ran b'fainc. Aét 'nuair o'fíll ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar fao o'obair na heaglaire le oioghair iongantais gur cuiread ruagairt reata air, i r gur b'éigean oó uil i b'rolac i gcumar uoilb i nSleann Eatarlac. I r é an ruo i r iongantaisge i mbeatair Seact-rúin go b'ruair ré uain i r caoi ar na leabair vo tear-tuis uair i gcóir a feanair, vo bailuigad an fao vo bí fán i r ruagairt air. Vo fíubail ré go Connaictair i r go Doire, aét ní móir vo mear vo bí ag fearair Ulaó ná ag Connaictair air. I gcionn trí nó ceathair vo bliadantair bí an "Foir Feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Vo rghíob ré fór dá leabair diaða, "Eoair Sgiat an Airinn," agus "Trí Bior-ghaite an Báir."

Dála an "Foir Feara," cornuigeann ré ó'n b'fíor-torac, i r tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán vo fean-pannair i n-a mbailigtear ainmeac na uiread vo táinig go héirinn, i r i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacta vo bain leo. Tá a b'fíil i b'píor ve, leir, annro i r annró mucta le ainmeacair taoireac i r flait i r a goraob geinealac. Níor ceap Seact-rúin don nro ó n-a meabair féin; gac a uirgann ré úinn—na rgealta, na heactair, na gabaltair na héacta ar mair i r ar tír—ruair ré iao go léir i fean-leabhair vo bí fá mear ag ollamhair i r fáirib. Ní minne ré aét iao vo cur le céile i r o'auitigad. Dá mbead ré ag ait-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa" it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

rḡrḡbadaḡ na neiteaḡ rḡn i nḡu, aḡur a aigneadaḡ lán vo
 léigeanḡ na haimpḡre reo, ní'l veapḡmao ná go ḡcuiḡ-
 peaḡ ré a lán oíob i leaḡ-taobḡ, vo bḡig ná baíneann
 rḡao le rḡr-ḡeanaḡ. Aḡt vo rḡrḡob ré an "ḡorur
 ḡeapa" tá ḡeall le tḡí céao bliadaḡ ó ḡoin, aḡur ní
 hiongnaḡ ná rḡaib an oḡpeao rḡain amḡar i otaobḡ rḡrḡinne
 na n-éaḡt ḡo an tḡáḡ rḡain. Aḡur iḡ maḡ an ḡcéaona aḡá
 an rḡeal aḡ tḡorḡaib eile. Tá a lán éaḡt iḡ eaḡḡra i
 rḡeanaḡ na Rḡma vo ḡḡeio na Rḡmánaigḡ go hiomláḡ
 i n-aimḡrḡ bḡrḡil iḡ Oibḡo — ná rḡuḡ ionḡḡa aḡt úḡr-
 rḡealta na bḡileadaḡ. Aḡ an nóḡ ḡcéaona ní ḡéilleann
 aon rḡoláḡre anoir o'eaḡḡaib ḡengḡrḡ iḡ ḡorḡra aḡur
 oá leitéioḡoib o'eaḡḡaioib i rḡeanaḡ na bḡeataine.

Aḡt 'n-a oiaḡ rḡn, ní ceapḡ a o'eaḡḡmao go mbíonn
 bunaḡar rḡrḡinne mḡ na rḡealtaib reo vo ḡnáḡ. Níor
 cúḡ na rḡilḡe rḡeal aḡ oḡúḡ ḡan veallḡamḡ éigḡn vo
 beḡ aḡ — *nec fingunt omnia Cretae* — ciḡo go ḡcuiḡḡear
 leḡ i rḡt ná mbliadaḡ, i oḡreḡ ná haḡḡneoḡaḡe é rḡá
 o'eiḡeadaḡ. b'olc an baḡl aḡ tḡr ná beḡo úḡr-rḡealta
 vo'n tḡaḡar rḡain cḡuinnḡḡḡe iḡ meapḡḡa tḡíḡ a cuḡo
 rḡeanaḡ. ba ḡomapḡa é ná rḡaib rḡile ná rḡaḡo le
 rḡnḡeapḡaib i meapḡ a oaoineadaḡ, iḡ náḡ mḡoḡ aca a cáḡl
 ná a ḡlóḡr.

Iḡ áḡainḡ an oíon-bḡollaḡ a cúḡeann Seacḡrḡn le
 n-a "ḡorur ḡeapa." O teaḡt an oapḡa ḡenḡí anall
 cúḡainḡ iḡ rḡoḡe, níor ḡab rḡor ná rḡuaimḡear na
 ḡuḡoapḡ Saḡḡannaigḡ aḡt aḡ cup rḡíor bḡeapḡa iḡ rḡealta

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say,"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

aitéire ar ar nouécar. Siomhoir de banna, Stanihurrt,
 Camoen, Hanmer, ir an treab rain uile—ní raib uata
 acé rinn do cúir fá coir ar otúir, ir ó teir rin opta,
 rinn do marluḡaó i rtaréaib fallra. Agus tar éir ar
 bfeamann do baint óinn, ba breaḡuige ir ba tar-
 cairniḡe do bíodar 'ná miam. Do tús Seatrún rúta 'ran
 óion-bhollac le fuinneam ir le feirḡ. Do rtoil ré ar
 a céile an ráiméir marluḡteac do cúir an bannaic 'n-a
 leabair, níor fáḡ ré puinn do Stanihurrt ḡan réabaó,
 ir tnom é curriamḡ a láime ar Camoen ir ar Spenrer.
 So veimín ir ḡeall le ḡairḡíveac móir éirín é — le Coin
 Cúlaimn nó Aicill — a cúir airm ḡléarta 'n-a láim,
 éadaic pláta ó mullaic cinn ḡo troidḡeib ari, ir é aḡ
 ḡabáil le oíḡḡair ir le oian-feirḡ ar na daoimib beaḡa
 ro do veairbuiḡ éiteac i ḡcoinnib a óútcair, ir do mar-
 luiḡ a muinntear. Dá mbeaó ré ar maiḡtean i noiu,
 tabairfaó ré faodar bata vor na reancairóib atá anoir
 fá móir-meair, ar fhuirve ir ar Mac Amblaom, ir ar
 hume.

Aveir ré 'n-a óion-bhollac:—

“níl rtaimíve dá rḡríobann ar éirinn naic aḡ iarríad
 locta agus coibéime do tabairt do fean-ḡallair agus
 do ḡaevealair bíó; bíó a fíadnuire rin ar an teir
 do veir Cambrienir, Spenrer, Stanihurrt, Hanmer,
 Camoen, bairclit, Moriron, Dabir, Campion, agus ḡac
 nuaó-ḡall eile dá rḡríobann uirte ó foir amac, ionnur
 ḡuiriabé nóir beaḡnac an pñiompolláin do ḡnío aḡ
 rḡríobaó ar éiréannaicair ir é do ḡnío
 criomaó ar beairib ro-ḡaoineac agus cailleac mbeaḡ
 n-úir-freal ar otabairt maiḡ-ḡníoim na n-uairal i noear-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

mao, agus an mhéid a baineas iur na sean-ḡaeḡealaib
 do bí ag áitiúḡaḡ an oileáin reo ma ngabáltair na
 sean-ḡaill,” 7c.

Iur minic a ḡoirceair an heireosair ḡaeḡealaḡ ar
 ḡeaḡrún, agus iur veimín ḡur mór a bfuil do ḡor-
 maileacḡ eatorḡa aiaon. Tá caint ḡeaḡrún veas,
 rimpliḡe, milir-briaḡaḡ, mar caint “Aḡar an tSean-
 cair.” Séanaio aiaon baot-ḡucail, neam-briḡḡmaia,
 neam-fairḡmeamla, acḡ ’n-a n-ionao atá fuinneam iur
 tatac i ngac líne dá rḡarḡaib. Cuiriḡo aiaon iurcaḡ
 na húir-ḡḡealta baineas le n-a rḡir, ḡan aimir do
 cuir ar a bḡirinne. B’é heireosair an céao rḡairiḡe
 do cuir seancair na ḡriḡeac i n-easair iur i ḡcuir-
 neas, agus ciḡḡ ḡur b’faoa ’n-a oiaḡḡ do ḡḡriḡob ré,
 b’é Céitinn an céao seancairḡe o’ḡruiḡ iur do cearuiḡ
 i rlaḡḡ, iur i n-easair seancair na nḡaeḡeal. Do bain
 na riliḡe — na ḡriḡiḡi iur na Románaiḡ — a lán ar rḡar-
 taib heireosair, agus ’ran ḡcuma ḡcáona cḡs Céitinn
 innbeas a noḡcain ror na riliḡib ḡaeḡealaca, o’aoḡ-
 agán Ua Raḡaille, do ḡeagán Clárac Mac Domnail,
 iur o’eoḡan Ruao. Acḡ ní feicimíḡ oioḡair i rtaḡḡ
 na ririḡne, ná fearḡ cum namao a cḡre ar an
 nḡriḡeac. Bíonn ré ciuin, rorair, réim i ḡcomnuirḡe i
 meas rḡara iur úir-ḡḡeal, *et quidquid Græcia mendax*
audet in historiis, acḡ ní léiḡreao an ḡaeḡealaḡ ruainne
 do cearḡ ná do cáil a cḡre le n-a veas-namao.

Obair léiḡeanta, veimín iur eao “Trí Bioir-ḡaoirḡe an
 báir,” lán do rmuaintib oiaḡa iur do maḡcnam fairḡm-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ar an beataio daonna, ir ar a chioc. Ir ion-
gantaic ar eos re ar sean-uiguarib ir ar oibneacib
na naom, agus ir blarta ta an obair ar fao moinnta i
leabhair agus i n-altairb. Act ir tiom, lairneamail
an caint atá ann ó éir go veinead, bíod go bfuil rí
larta ruar annro ir annró le rgeal beag greannmar
mar an eactra rain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obair an-léiganta i noiaodact ir i nóranairb na
heaglaire ir ead “Eodair Sgiat an Airinn.” Ní léir
uinn don uiguar eilec uirar an oirad rain do tuairirg
ar neitib bainear leir an Airneann, com beact, com
cinnite rin i leabair dá méio. Act 'n-a teannta rain,
ta an caint com rimplioe, com greannta, com binn,
com briogmar rain, san baot-foclaib ná máioitib carra
sur fupairte o'aoinneac é léigead sur i noiu.

Ó airirí Céitinn anuar níor rgríobad a lán do rriór
bunaodac. Do cuirad ádbair eactraioe le céile
agus rgealta ar gníomairtib atac, agus ní móir 'n-a
oceannta rain. Do luigeadar na huiguarí Gaedalaia
ar manna do múrgailt, ir ba mílir, aoidinn a gcuir oán
ir airián.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.



an t-octmáto h-alc.

an naomáto haois véas agus 'n-a óiaíto.

Ní móir do rghríobaó do phríor Šaeóealaó i gcaiteam na naomáto haoire véas. Bí an rneam as a maib neart é do rghríobaó raotmac as aic-rghríobaó leabair láim-rghríobta i n-a maib príor ir laoióte meargta tré n-a céile. Ní maib aó ríor-beagán as a maib neart an Šaeóealz do léigead, agus ní maib puinn Šaeóilge dá cloóbuaíto, i tneó ná maib ronn ar doinne a cuio aimrre do cáiteam go neam-éoraíal as rghríobaó príoir bunaóaraí. Do cuiread beagán éarántar le céile ir iosaíto beaga dá raíar, agus ní' a cuillead le tair-beánaó agairn do príor bunaóaraó i gcaiteam an céad éagair do'n naomáto haoir véas. Éugadar na daoine ar ríto, ior léigeannta ir neam-léigeannta, an Šaeóealz ruar cum báir. An beagán as a maib eolar cinnte uiré, ir ó'éarad í do rghríobaó go blaíra, níor cuireadar líne ó i noiaíto a céile. Níor cuimníg doinne aca ar ríeandar nó eacra nó rgeal greannmaí do rghríobaó, gan obair feallramnaóto do bac. Ní maib neart as na daoine a leicéiríto do léigead, agus dá bhrí rí níor b'íu ó'aoinne tabairt fúto.

'San am gceáona, amac, bí lán-cuile do príor breag neam-éoiréann ar ríbal i mearg na noamead. Ní gan loct do bí an príor ríal, go veimín, aó 'n-a óiaíto ríal, do baínn a lán do cáilí an príoir ir ríar le raíabáil

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few "Warrants" were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone's while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

'ran doman leir. Iy iomda teac ar fuair na gcríoch
i n-a mbíod tainte oíche fada geimhíod ag éirteacht go
hionumail le rgealtaibh fionnuídeacta iy le heact-
paróibh dá raḡar — rgealta ghráda iy gairgíod, éacta do
minneaspar aḡaig ar muir iy ar tír, rgealta coimearḡair
iy iomparḡála, rgealta oḡaídeacta iy gearann.

Cia aca, do rgríodad ar oḡuir na rgealta ro, nó
iao o'airiy, i oḡeo gur tanḡaspar ar fad ó béal go béal,
iy oearb go maib a lán oíob i meodan na haoire ḡab
ḡairinn com rleamain, com milir, com roiléir, com
binn, com ceolmar, com caḡacac leir an bḡíod iy feárr
'ran oḡeangain fíancag, agur iy oallmaḡac gur
bainead a lán dá ngairḡar oíob i mī na mbliadān le
neair ríor-airíre. Do moḡuig an t-airíreoir gur cóir
oó a rgeal do oéanam roiléir, ro-ḡuigḡe, gur cóir oó
annro iy annróo a anál do ḡairainḡ, iy roḡ beag do
ḡadairt do'n luḡt éirteaḡta, do moḡuig ré gur ḡairbe
oó éact an rgeil do ḡadairt uair le oéine iy le fuin-
neam, agur a maib ḡruaigḡméileac, oḡma ann o'airiy
le oólár iy le comairḡairíob caḡuigḡe, iy níor b'ionḡad
go bḡaḡad ḡac airíreoir an rgeal ó'n té ḡamig roime,
aḡairuigḡe beagán éigin annro iy annróo, aḡ go
mbead ré níor fuinte, níor binne, níor bḡíogḡaire.

Níor b'annam rór gur b'oḡáireoir neam-ḡoitḡiann
an t-airíreoir féin, iy go maib ré lán-oilte inr na
cleairíb le n-a gcuirḡear oḡeḡa le rúilíob oanna, iy
múrcairḡear oḡad iy álad i lár cḡoíde, agur iy mīic
do cuir ré an luḡt éirteaḡta ag cḡit le anḡad, nó ag

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

gol le buairiuit le n-a féacaint, i' le fuaim a fíota. Agus fós, vo togaó cum aithir rgealta simplíoe, ná raib nó-éarta ná vo-tuigte, rgealta gan móran mion-éacta ag vult críota. Sgealta vo b'eaó iao vo'n t'rafar ro: vo togaó gairtíoeac éigin, i' vo cuiread tré éactaib iongantaca é; i' minic vo bíod ré i oteanntaib éaga; i' minic i nólúit-coinneartar le haac úil-ghána, nó fá o'raoíoeac, nó fá geara loc vo taoragaó, nó bean éigin vo bí ar fán vo foláatar. I' minic vo tagaó óg-bean upual vo bíod i ngráo leir, cum cabruigte leir. B'é críoc na neitead reo go léir gur cuiread ar riubal i meart na noaoinead bolg mór p'rioir náir buairíoead riam ari ar roiléiríoeac i' ar binnear. Aoimúigtear anoir go coitciann ná fuil leitéio filíoe-éacta na haimeiríe reo ar binnear le fasgbáil, acé i' minic a oearmaoatar go bfuil an p'riór 'n-a flióiró féin com binn, com blarta leir an bfilíoeac. Níl ampar ná go bfuil fíolormith ar na hugoaimaib i' roiléiríe le fasgbáil i mbéarla, agus ná fuil ré gan mílreacé i' blar. Tá a lán vor na rgealtaib oá otagraim com roiléirí le p'riór fíolormith, agus a gcaint i b'rao níor binne i' níor ceolmairíe ná a cáint rin.

Vo cuiread beagán beag vor na rgealtaib ar a o'ráctaim i gcló le páorais na laogairíe agus beagán eile le Dubglar ve híoe, agus féaoíar an léigíteoirí a mear féin vo tabairt ar a roiléiríoeac i' ar a mílreacé.

I' fíor go veimín ná fuil 'ran up-mórí acé rgealta ag ríit i meart na noaoinead o'uaacé, agus go bfuil a lán oíob aro'éiríoeac go leor. Acé ar uairib tá mianac o'iríoe b'riogmairí i' o'foillríugaó lonnriac ag gabáil críota. Acé cibé méao a locé marí rgealtaib, i'

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

fiu iao aipe mairt do tabairt dóib ar fon a foiléiréadta
 ir a mbinnir.

Ní'l aon loct ar pórór ir meara ná caint ró-mór
 agus na rmuainte ruarac, neim-briogmar. Ní'l an loct
 rain le faǵbáil ar na rǵealtaiḃ reo. Tá an caint
 ir na rmuainte oiréamnac. Anoir ir aifir, ǵan amhar,
 tá rǵaoḃ do briaḃraiḃ i nriaró a céile, do réir oroc-
 nóir rean-uǵoar áiríte ǵan puinn briog nátaḃaic ionnta.
 Aḃt ní'l inr na paitiḃib reo, aḃt fé mar beaḃ cruin-
 muǵaḃ do cappaigeaḃaiḃ cuirteamla do tagann anro
 ir anhrúo roim rruḃ luaimneac bíonn ag réir-fíleao ó
 bhuac fléibe. Ní mór a bfuil do pórór foiléir, binn,
 milir-briaḃrac 'ran mbéarla. Tá an cuio ir mó óe
 trom, neim-ḃeolmar, do-ḃuigḃe. Ní mar rin do'n pórór
 fíannacac. Tá a lán dé binn, milir, ir cōm foiléir leir
 an nǵréin, agus na rmuainte curḃa i ǵceann a céile ann
 ǵo hóruigḃe rlaḃḃmar. Ní'l uainn féin i ororac na
 haoir reo cum nuaḃ-pórór o'abairḃuǵaḃ aḃt rmuainte
 ároa, neam-ḃoirḃianna do fíarómeaḃ leir an foiléir-
 eaḃt ir leir an binnear atá le rinrearaib mar óútcar
 aǵainn, agus atá le faǵbáil ǵo flúirreac inr na rǵeal-
 taiḃ do cleaḃḃar ar n-aicreaca ór na ciantaiḃ.

I rruḃ an céao caogair do'n naomao haoir véag do
 rinneao airriuǵaḃ ǵo ǵaeḃilǵ ar beagán do leab-
 raiḃ riaoḃa ó'n mbéarla ir ó'n lairōin. Ní'l amhar ǵur
 b'é an ceann ir feárr ríob ro an r-airriuǵaḃ ar
 "Imitatio Chriḃti," do rinne an rḃair Domnall
 ua Súilleabáin, rimceall na bliaróna 1822. Ir roig
 linn féin ǵo bfuil an obair reo ar na hairriuǵḃib ir
 feárr do rinneao ar leabair a Ceimpir riam, agus
 ir iomḃa teanga i n-a bfuil fé le faǵbáil. Ba deacair
 an obair í, óir bí a lán do briaḃraiḃ ir do rárḃtib 'ran

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Lairinn ná naib 1 mbéal na noaoinead le fada, 1r
nár b'fuirirte o'fagbáil ar leabhairb.

Ní ceart uíinn dearmad do déanam ar Seaán
Mac Éil, áro-eapbog Tuama. Do minne an fear oir-
dearic rain airtiuḡad blarta ar an "Pentateuchon," .i.,
na cúig leabhair atá i b'fior-éoraic an tSean-Tairbeánair.
1r mór an triaid ná léig ré o'ua Mórda 1r do Hómer,
1r airtiuḡad do déanam ar an Sgríbinne Diaḡa ar fad.

Ní oíḡ linn gur rḡríobad aon ḡrór 1r fíu o'áiream
ó obair Uomnaill Uí Súilleabáin gur cuiread ar bun
"1rleabhar na ḡaeóilḡe," ór cionn ríce bliadán ó foin.

Do minne "Cumann buan-coiméarḡa na ḡaeóilḡe" a lán
cum an ḡaeóalḡ do múnad inr na rḡoileannairb, aḡur
cum í do cupr ar aḡarḡ le neart céad-leabhrán rimplíde.
Aic ní naib mórán le faḡbáil ar a naib fonn ḡaeóalḡ
do rḡríobad. Ba deacair Seaán Pléimíon féin do
meallad cum leatanaic ḡrór do cupr le céile—ciḡ gur
blarta, b'ríḡmar í a caint.

Do cait Connrad na ḡaeóilḡe coraic a raḡail aḡ
cairmir 1r aḡ fuirre le naímarairb na teangan úo, 1r
ní naib uain aca ar fuirde ríor 1r maictnaí ar obair
litriḡeacḡa. Do bí aon ḡeann amáin, amac, ar fead
na haimirre reo ná naib oíomaoín. Tá caint an ácar
ḡeodar ua laḡairre com ḡleamain, com milir, com
b'ríḡmar 1r tá rí le faḡbáil 1 n-aon trác oár reanar.
Tá ḡrór roiléir, milir, ḡreannḡa inr na mion-leabhairb
atá curḡa amac ó n-a láim, aḡur ní ror do fór, ór
dearb ḡo b'fíul mian a béal 'ra lán do'n ḡaeóilḡ atá
le feicirnt ḡac aon treacḡmain inr na páiréarairb.
Fear aḡeantac rḡléipeac, neim-rḡleacac 1r ead an
tácar ḡeodar. Tá aon loic amáin aḡainn le faḡbáil
ar a cúro oirre. Sgríobann ré iomarca le haḡarḡ an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

aoir foglumta, ir baineann an nio rin an rcur ir an
 tatac ar a cuio ppoir. Tá rúil agann pul a rgarfam
 leir go otabairó ré obair éigin uúinn ná beiró lán vo
 páiróib carpa, ar ron na rgaláiríde, acé obair cuirfeaf
 átar ir móiróil ar fíor-Šaeóilgeoiríob.

Le teaót na nuao-aoire, amac, táro na rgamail ag
 rgaireao. Tá luót léigte na Šaeóilge ag uil i mbieir
 agur ir veacair iao vo fáram; ní teirdeann gac don
 páiméir pior leo mar ba gnatác tamall ó join. Táro
 oibneaca na rean-uóar go bliadainteamail dá gcur
 amac, ir cuiríó an nio rin rponnao ar an aor óg cum
 a gceimeann vo leanamain. Tá an oráma Šaeóealac
 'nár meafg agur glaoóc air. Tá glaoóc leir ar ppor
 Šaeóealac 'ina páiréarab laeteamla ir reaótmain-
 eamla, agur ní fuláir vo'n aie tugtar anoir vo Šaeóilg
 inr na rgoileannaib a cúir o'fíacab ar uóarab
 leabair beacá, briošmaria, milir-bmačmaria vo eabairc
 uacá. Acá óg-uóar, leir, ór na críoacab i n-a bfuil
 an Šaeóealg rór 'n-a tuile, dá oairbeánao réin ó
 bliadain go bliadain. Ní óeantar veapmar ar óráro-
 eacé, leir, mar ir ppor órároeaót gur móir ir riu é,
 agur ó ciúingeo an gur Šaeóealac ar an alltóir ir
 brónac mar vo punneo faillige oi. Le rava riam,
 fairíor! tá an órároeaót éireannaac ar rao nac móir i
 mbéarila, acé le cúpla bliadain tá acarpuao ag teaót
 ar an raoal. Ir réirir anoir óráro blarta Šaeóealac
 vo éloirint annro ir annró, agur vo réir gac veall-
 ram, ní rao beirdeam ag ríream le réim órároeaócá i
 nŠaeóilg, roir viaoa ir raoalta, ar a mberó meaf ag
 an voan uile, ir nár mirce a cúir i gcomóirar le
 hórároeaót na bfrannac ir na nŠreigeac.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.



FOCLÓIR.

(Contractions :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genitive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

acpuinnead, vigorous.

adnao, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; *ceine adanta*, a kindling fire.

adbar, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense);

adbar beag, a small number.

ág, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written *át*).

adbéiread, strange, extraordinary.

amhear, *m.*, misfortune (*am* negative); *oul ar a amhear*, to go on the path of misfortune.

aingeal fóir-coinneasta, *m.*, a guardian angel.

áir, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

air, *in phrase*, *le hair*, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

airtrigim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

aitéim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

aitéam, act of persuading or convincing (used with *ar*).

aitéar, *m.*, delight.

amhá, however, nevertheless.

amar, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; *anál vo earraing*, to pause.

anró, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoigeact, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

aoon-am, *m.*, one and the same time; *o'aon am* (*pronounced* *oé n-am*), of set purpose; *o'aon gnó* is used in a similar sense.

aoim-éar, one-man; *coimac aoiméir*, a duel, a single combat.

aoituigim, I harmonize.

aoituigad, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

át, *m.*, a ford; *atá át éigin le pagbáil ar aoife*, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

atarruigad, *m.*, change, transformation.

atáir, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báir, *f.*, friendship; *ní beacair báir a gcom-baltaicair; bruaire*, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bainnir, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baot-glór, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

barraim, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase *roir fear agus bean*, both men and women, *bean* is not declined.

- bean éaointe, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.
 beirim (with ar) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.
 beo-millead, *m.*, a living ruin.
 bpaéaim, I judge, consider, expect.
 bpuí, *f.*, strength, essence ; dá bpuí rin, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.
 bpuíad-éporde, *m.*, heart-felt regret.
 buaóad, victorious.
 buaó-focal, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,
 buailim ; I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country),
 with um, I strike upon, meet.
 buan-éompac, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.
 carpeadh, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.
 cáil, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.
 caint, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.
 capta, entangled, twisted (of style).
 ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann uipparó, a general of an army.
 ceapaim, I conceive, plan.
 ceap maíad, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; maíad, ridicule).
 ceartaí, *f.*, correctness (ceart, right) ; ceartaí ráróte, propriety of
 words or expression.
 cialluí, I signify.
 cleaíaim, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I
 habituate myself to.
 cloé-bun, *m.*, a foundation.
 cluicim, I hunt.
 cneartaí, *f.*, gentleness.
 coéal (coéall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*,
 enthusiasm for a thing ; cuir coéal ort féin éuge rin, be in earnest
 about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.
 coiméigeaí, wild, strange, foreign.
 coinne, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.
 com-bála, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.
 com-bálaí, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.
 comhgará, *f.*, vicinity (com and gar), i gcomhgará do, in the neigh-
 bourhood of.
 comópar, *m.*, comparison.
 complaí, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.
 coméipomaí, *f.*, equal weight, justice.
 cor-éasotrom, light-footed.

κορφαλαῖ, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; μαρ κορφαλαῖ, as a representation (of, so).

κραοβρῆσαι, I explain (κραοβ and βρῆσαι, I separate).

κρανν, *m.*, a staff, κρανν βαῖσαι, a staff to threaten with.

κριοτινῶδα, *f.*, christianity.

κροῦδα, *f.*, valour.

κροῦδε-λά, *m.*, the very centre.

κροινῖ, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.

κραυρὸ-θεῖρε, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.

κυρῖν, I put, place, set ; *with* ρίορ and ἀρ, I describe : κυρ ρίορ ἀρ θῆαιρε to ban, describe the beauty of women.

κυρῖανῖ, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; ἰ γκομῖαν-ῖ, *in* the press of fight.

κυρῖα, sweet-scented, fragrant.

κυρ ἰρτεῖ, interference with, influence over (ἀρ) ; ῖαν κυρ ἰρτεῖ ἀρ le ρμαῖ, without its being influenced by oppression.

νοῖλ, *f.*, a meeting ; ἰ νοῖλ ἁ ῖεῖ, meeting one another.

νοῖα, relating to a human being, human.

νοῖρ-βρῖ, *f.*, slavery, bondage.

νοῖρ, bold, fearless ; *more usually* νοῖρταῖ.

νοῖρταῖ, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (νοῖ, colour), νοῖρταῖ ποῖρταῖ, brilliancy of description.

νοῖρ-ῖ, fair-minded.

νοῖρ-ῖ, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.

νοῖρταῖ, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.

νοῖρταῖ I assert (solemnly, as a witness) ; νοῖρταῖ ῖεῖ, who gave false testimony.

νοῖρ-ῖ, *m.*, a barren desert (νοῖρ is *intensive*).

νοῖρταῖ, polished, fine, elegant.

νοῖρταῖ, *f.*, a difference (often spelled νοῖρταῖ).

νοῖρ, *in phrase* ρῖ ῖεῖ, towards (after verbs of motion).

νοῖρταῖ, *f.*, theology.

νοῖρταῖ, *f.*, zeal.

νοῖρ, *m.*, shelter, cover ; ρῖ ῖεῖ *na* ρῖεῖ, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.

νοῖρταῖ, *m.*, close combat.

νοῖρταῖ, *f.*, sufficiency ; ῖο ῖεῖ *νοῖρταῖ* *ann*, in which there is a sufficiency or enough.

νοῖρταῖ, *m.*, drama, play.

νοῖρταῖ, *m.*, ill-will.

ὑποδ-έλαοντα, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).

ὑποδ-μαίεται, *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.

ὑπαοιθεατ, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.

ὑπυμ, the back; *in phrase* ὅδ' ὑπυμ ἦν, for that reason, on that account.

ὕβρῳνάς, sad, sorrowful.

ὕιλ, *f.*, longing, desire; ὕιλ ἡτοῖε, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.

ὕλ, *m.*, means, opportunity; ἔαν ὕλ εἰς παῖτε βῆετ αἶψ, no child being permitted to handle it.

ἑάετ, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.

εἰσῆατ, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.

εἰγῆμ, I call out, shout, cry.

εἰτεαδ, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.

ῥάρ, *m.*, a growth; ῥάρ na haon οἰόε, a mushroom.

ῥεῖρεατ, *m.*, a banquet.

ῥιόχμαιρεατ, *f.*, rage, cruelty.

ῥιόχαιμ, hearty; an epithet of ῥάιλτε, welcome.

ῥιυ, even; *in such phrases as* ῥιυ εἰς ῥέαδαιμ, even his look.

ῥούργε, founded, established (on, *ap*).

ῥόγναδ, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.

ῥοιλλῖγῆμ, I display, describe, illustrate.

ῥοιρβτε, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced ῥοιργε).

ῥονν, *m.*, desire, liking; ní ῥαῖβ ῥέ ὀ'ῥονν οῖεα, they had no inclination.

ῥυατ, *in phrase*, *ap* ῥυατ, also, *ap* ῥυατ, throughout.

ῥυαδαιμ, I hate, detest.

ῥυλῖμεατ, bloody.

ῥυννεαθαῖλ, vigorous.

ῥυντε, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).

ῥυῖρε, contention with (le), friction, pressure.

ῥυλάιρ, *in phrase* ní ῥυλάιρ ὀύμν, we must.

ῥαδαδ, *m.*, want, need; níορ ῥαδαδ ὀόῖβ, they had no need.

ῥαιρμῖμ, I call; *with ap*, I name.

ῥαλάν, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants; a "galán."

ῥεαλ-δῶρκαδ, white-horned.

ῥεαλλ, *m.*, a promise, pledge; *in phrase*, ἢ ῥεαλλ le ὑπαοιθεατ, it is the same as, or, like magic.

ῥεατ, *f.*, obligation; ῥεατ were conditions and obligations which must be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant consequences *in case of failure*; bí ῥέ ὀο ῥεατῖβ αἶψ, he was under obligations or *geasa*.

ῥεακαῖρε, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.

ῥορμ-βῥυαδ, *m.*, a green margin.

ιαρρατ, *m.*, an attempt ; οο εγασαν ιαρρατ, they made an attempt.
 ιοηάιγεατ, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.

ιομάναιρε, *m.*, a hurler.

ιομδαρμ, I bear ; *with reflex. pronouns* μέ πέμ. &c., I comport myself, I behave.

ιομπαργάλ, *f.*, wrestling.

ιονηαίλ, eager, attentive.

λαρμεαηαίλ, Latin-like.

λαοταρ, *m.*, heroism.

λαοτα, a band of heroes ; *a collective noun* ; λαοτ, *a single hero*.

λαραηαίλ, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.

λεαυιγτε, flagged over (leac, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embeded.

λετ, *f.*, side, part, direction ; πά λετ, aside, apart ; ατά πέ λετ πέμ πά λετ, it stands alone.

λετ-ταοθ, *f.*, a side, direction ; ι λετ-ταοιθ, aside.

λέη-γορ, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder.

λέη-μαρε, *f.*, brilliant beauty.

λέη-μυλλεαθ, *m.*, complete destruction.

λιοντα, polished, adorned.

λονηατ, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.

λονηαθ, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.

λυαργαμ, I swing, rock ; οά λυαργαθ, being rocked.

μαγνιοηαητα, *pl. of* μαγνιοη, a youthful or boyish exploit.

μαλ-τέμεατ, of slow and stately gait.

μεαοαρ, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).

μι-ένεαττατ, *f.*, offensiveness.

μιανατ, *m.*, a vein ; μιανατ ο'ινηγνε βπιογθαη, a vein of vigorous eloquence.

μινιγim, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.

μφο-νάούη, *m.*, unnaturalness.

μφο-νάηρεατ, bold, audacious, stubborn.

μιορταρ, *f.*, ill-will, malice.

μιοη-έατ, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.

μοθ, *m.*, manner, fashion ; μοθ ποιηιγτε, style of description.

μόη-βολγ, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories, &c.*)

μόη-εποιδεατ, *f.*, great-heartedness.

μυιηητεαρθαη, *m.*, friendship.

μυργαίτ, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally* act of awakening).

νατ μόη, almost.

νάούητα, according to nature, natural.

νεαη-γνάτατ unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

- neamh-ppleadaic, independent, uncompromising.
 neamh-toradhail, unprofitable.
 nuair-eagar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.
 Oilim, I train up, education ; oo hoilead le sgataic, who were trained up under Scathach.
 oipeamhaic, suitable, fitting, adopted to.
 opáirdeac, *f.*, oratory.
 opáirdeoir, *m.*, an orator.
 págánaic, non-christian, pagan.
 pléir, *m.*, act of struggling against.
 ppór, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. *Caint rígharta* is used in the same sense : it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.
 puinn, *m.*, much, *used with negative* ; ní puinn, not much, little or nothing (It is an error to take puinn as equivalent to *point*, *jot*.)
 ráiméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.
 réir-bán, *m.*, a level plain.
 ríobheac, *f.*, richness. *neart ir ríobheac íomáigeac*, abundance and wealth of imagery,
 ranarín, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.
 raor, free, liberated ; raor ar Chonchubhar, free from Conchubhar.
 ráir-éneartaic, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.
 ráruic, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. *níl a ráruic le ríabáil*, they are unsurpassed.
 rean-cúinne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.
 rean-focthaic, *m.*, an old ruin.
 rean-údaí, *m.*, an ancient author.
 réaltuic, *m.*, a story-teller.
 rígharta, loose, unbound. *Caint rígharta*, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.
 ríactaighe, adorned, finished off.
 ríait, *m.*, thread ; *ríait a faogail*, the thread of his life.
 ror, *m.*, rest, cessation ; ní ror dóib rór, they are not yet extinct.
 rpar, *m.*, a period, limit of time.
 rpeirneamhaic, *f.*, loveliness.
 rpeir, *f.*, heed, care ; *ná cupeann ré rpeir innce*, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.
 ríocaim, I surrender, submit.
 táim, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder ; *fig.*, a story of spoil or plunder.
 taire, *f.*, rest, quiet ; *níor taire o'doife*, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

ταίρταλ, *m.*, journey, visiting, round, circuit; τὰ ἀνταίρταλ ἀπὸ τοῦ λαοῦ, they circulate among, or are within the reach of the people.

ταρנגαίρεατ, *f.*, prophecy; le neart tarngaireacta, by the force of prophecy.

ceannta, *m.*, a prop; 'n-a ceannta fain, propping up that, in addition to that, besides.

cear-digneab, *m.*, mental enthusiasm, warmth of soul; *properly* cear digneab.

corab, *m.*, heed, care, fruit, produce, result.

τραίγιδεατ, *f.*, a tragedy.

crear, *m.*, a battle, a skirmish, the array or ranks of battle.

créteamhail, accomplished, gifted.

cruidighéil, *f.*, pathos.

uēt, *m.*, the breast; i n-uēt an daoigail, in the breast of danger, against danger.

uñail, *f.*, attention, ken; cuirno i n-uñail súinn, they remind us.

ullhaet, *f.*, readiness.

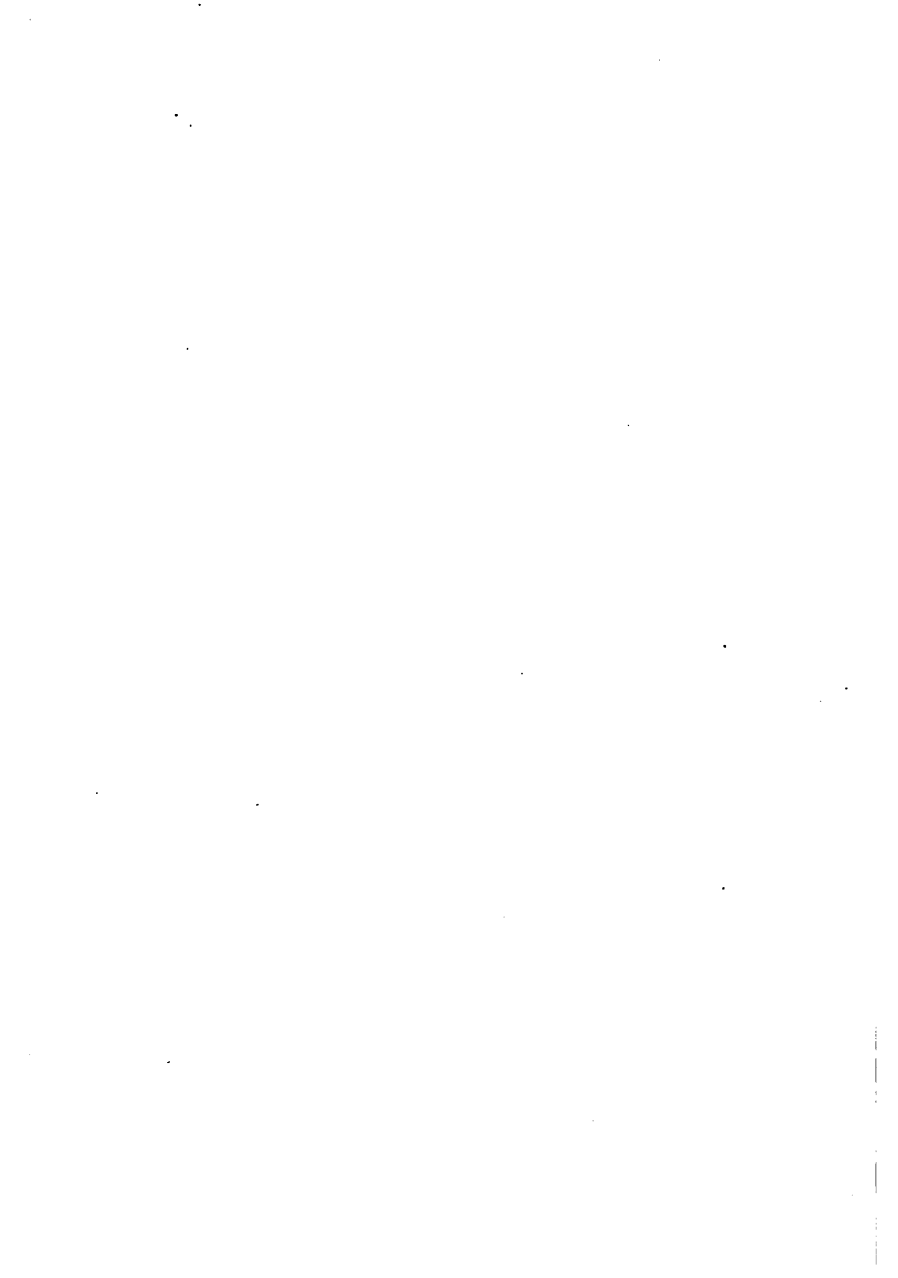
úr-óporcuab, *m.*, an eclipse, a darkening over, an obscuring.

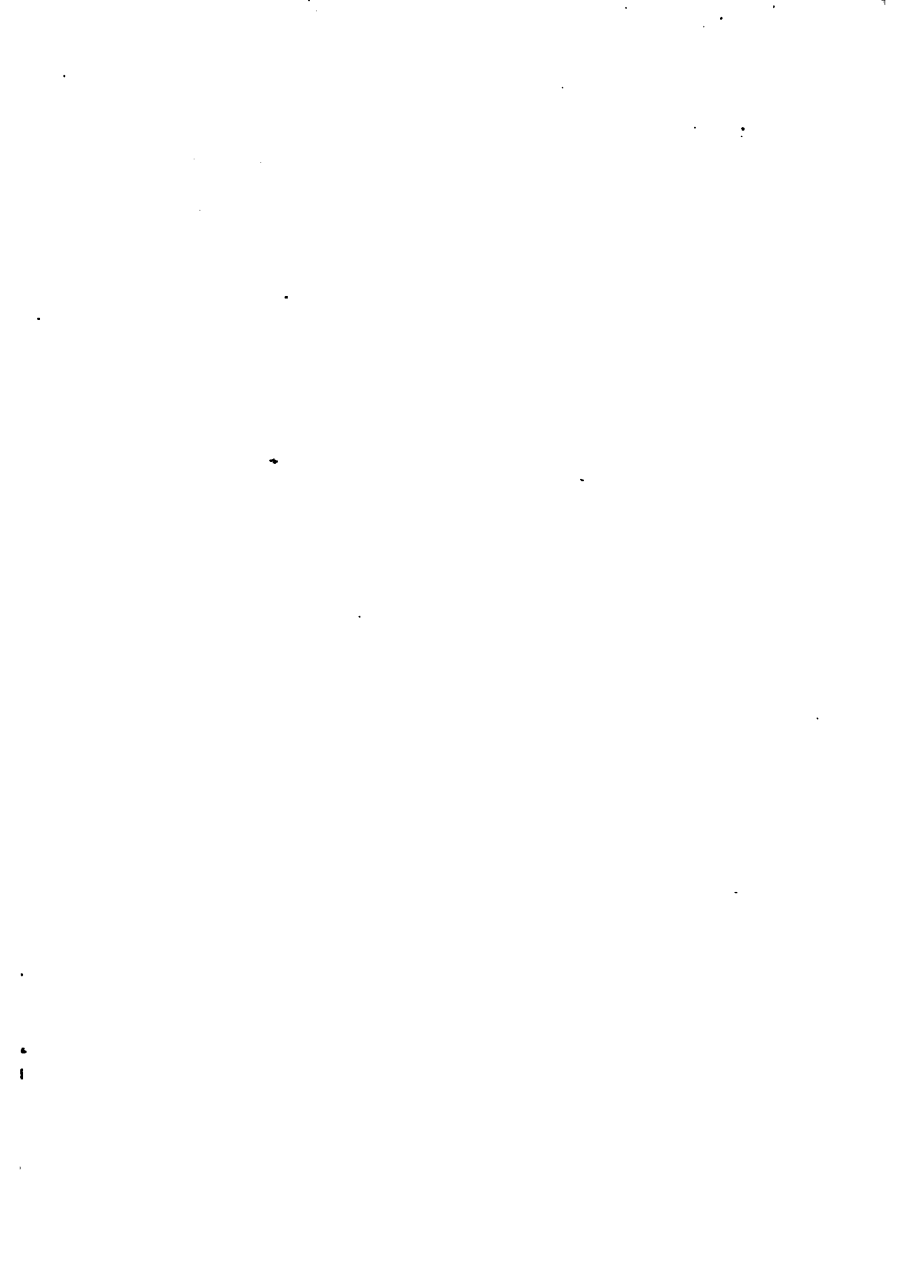
ur-rhór, *m.*, the greater part, the majority; also written rorhór, and so pronounced in spoken language of Munster; also sometimes rrothór.

urraob, *m.*, a chief; see ceann.

At page 72, line 15, for béal áta an shionnam, read béal áta seanais.

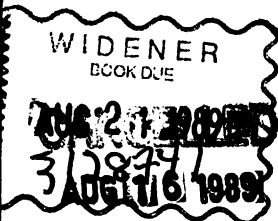
NOTE.—In the name of the tract, “Τόξαιλ Ὀμυρόνε
Ὁά Ὁεργα,” read Τοξάιλ; and in page 17, line 20, read
Destruction for Taking.







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